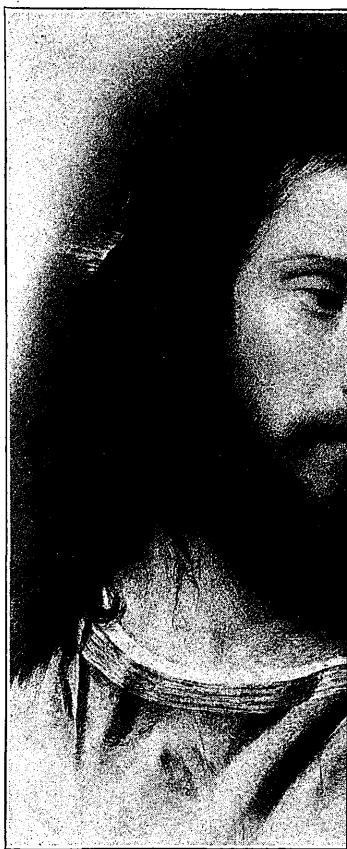


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Mr. Sheldon wrote of this picture:

"Of all the pictures from the Old Masters, this one stands out to me before all others as the one truest to the portraiture of Jesus in the New Testament. The lines are clear and serene. It gives us the core of the very being of the man—all soul, as if you saw the inside from the outside".

STORY OF THE LIFE OF JESUS.

FOR THE YOUNG.

TOLD FROM AN ETHICAL STANDPOINT.

BY

WALTER L. SHELDON,

*Founder, and, for twenty-one years, Lecturer of
the Ethical Society of St. Louis.*

SECOND EDITION.

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A WORD TO TEACHERS AND MOTHERS: It should be explained that the manuscript from which this volume is published was prepared in a rather peculiar manner. Some years ago the writer had a class of teachers and mothers to whom he read the story chapter by chapter. Those who were present made criticisms and offered further suggestions as to the best method by which to present the subject to the minds of the young. Some of them took the manuscript with them and read the chapters to the children in their homes in order to see how it would be appreciated. Then the chapters were all written over again with the help of those suggestions and criticisms. Mothers have taken the story in its complete form and read it to their children in order to judge of its effect. Again, after a number of years the writer has once more revised the entire manuscript and submitted it for criticism to one of the most experienced teachers of St. Louis. It is in this final form that the work is now published. Those who use it in the home or school need bear in mind that the story is written exclusively from one special aspect. No attempt has been made in this volume to give a complete Life of Jesus. The writer's desire has been to tell this life in such a way as not to awaken in the minds of the young any questions about problems of theology. That other aspect has been entirely omitted. There is no attempt to antagonize it, but simply to be neutral in regard to it. The same life could be written over again, and on the other hand be told exclusively from the stand-point of theology. It will be observed that the sayings of Jesus are in italics. This is done for a definite reason. There would be little or no purpose in giving to a story of this kind only a single perusal. All these sayings of Jesus ought to be committed to memory by the young. The writer hopes therefore that there will be some who will read the story often enough so as to be able to recite every one of these sayings in italics from memory. It may be that even those who are no longer young in years will find it worth their while to read the story of this life as written in this special form. If those who do so, have any further suggestions to make in regard to it the writer will always be glad to receive them, considering the possibility that it may undergo another revision at some future time.

W. L. SHELDON,
St. Louis, Mo.

Feb. 13th, 1895.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE ETHICAL SUNDAY SCHOOL OF
ST. LOUIS:

DEAR CHILDREN:—As this volume goes out into the world a second time I want to tell you a little about the man who wrote it so lovingly for you—the “Mr. Sheldon,” whom many of you remember well. When a young man of twenty-one or two, he went to Palestine and visited all the places he writes of in this book; and although the book was written perhaps fifteen years later, he remembered well all he had seen there. He wrote this book because, as he says, “I love this story more than any other story in the world, and I think it is the most beautiful story in the world. I look upon it as the most beautiful life that was ever lived. I like to read it over and over again, and to go on thinking about it all the time.” And so, thinking about this beautiful life all the time, his own life naturally was patterned after it, and, like Jesus, he never forgot his duty toward his fellow men. Mr. Brandenburger, your superintendent, whom Mr. Sheldon loved as a younger brother, said of him: “Every moment not employed in action was employed in thought. Every day was a working day spent in service to his fellow men. It is written: ‘Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.’ No man ever more literally laid down his life for his fellow men than did our great friend and good counsellor, our leader and master. Scornful of physical limitations, he sacrificed his very life’s blood at the altar of Duty. . . . We can best pay our debt to him by serving the cause for which he labored. The harvest truly is great and the laborers as yet are few, but we may say of his cause as we can of him, that ‘The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.’”

And now, Children, a few words to you about Mr. Sheldon’s last days. He was ill for ten long, weary months, but he never uttered a word of complaint. He always loved flowers, and his room was full of plants and flowers sent by his loving friends—*your* flowers that you sent him and brought him at Christmas and Easter gave him great pleasure. When he came to die he was not afraid or troubled, but smiled bravely and said: “Good-bye—all is well; my love to everybody. Auf wiedersehen.”

Dear Children, he loved you—do not forget him.

Affectionately yours,

ANNA H. SHELDON.

PART I.

EARLY LIFE OF JESUS.

(7)

STORY OF THE LIFE OF JESUS. FOR THE YOUNG.

PALESTINE.

What a strange fact it is that we hear so much more about one country than we do about another! Have you ever thought why it was? There must be a reason for it. Think of the vast continent of Africa. Yet how little we have ever heard of it! Remember, too, that great island or continent of Australia! People have lived there for untold ages. There have been many things of interest there for travelers to see and to write about; yet how little we hear of that great country! On the other hand, the peninsula of Greece is scarcely more than a mere spot on the map of Europe. During those early ages there were a great many other people scattered in countries north, east and west, along the rivers, in the forests, or by the sea. And yet we know almost nothing about those people. But next to one other country, we are told more about Greece than about any other land, great or small, throughout the world. The one small city of Athens has become better known and been more talked about, excepting one, than any of the great cities of the earth.

Now can you think why it is? I fancy it is because more great men have been born or lived in one country than in another. We do not have so much told to us about Africa, because so few great persons

have arisen in that country. Little has come down to us from early times about the people who lived in the north and west and east of Europe, because only ordinary people lived there at that time. We have been told very little about Australia, because, in spite of all the wonders of that great island in the Pacific, no man of that country has been of so much service to the human race as to have made his name known to the world. On the contrary, when we think of America we are reminded of Lincoln and Washington. When we are asked about Germany, at once there come to us the names of Luther and Goethe and Frederick the Great. If any one mentions early Greece, we recall Socrates and Pericles. When some one refers to Rome, at once the people who have read history think of Cato and Marcus Aurelius. We speak of Italy, and we think of the great artists Raphael and Michael Angelo. If any one mentions the name of England, we at once connect it with Darwin or Shakespeare.

Great men are what make a country great. All the wonders of natural scenery, mountains, rivers, lakes and forests, climate and skies; none of these have so much effect as *one great man*, in giving a great name to a country. You may ask me what it is that makes a great man, what it is that causes one person to be of more importance than another, or what it is that goes to make up the idea of greatness. You can only get an answer to that question by reading and thinking and studying about the lives of the truly great men of history.

You noticed that we made one exception when we said that Athens had been the most talked-about city in the world, and Greece the most talked-about coun-

try in history. There was one other city, there was one other land, which we hear more about than even about Athens or Greece. It is a very small country; you could place it several times over, on the surface of New York State or of England. I think it is not more than two hundred miles long and about fifty miles across; and only a small portion of it is to be thought of, when we mention its name and refer to its great city. You know *now* what country I have in mind; we are thinking, of course, of Palestine, and of the city of Jerusalem.

You may have heard a great deal about them. As we have said, the names of those two places are better known throughout the civilized world than any others on the surface of the earth. There are more intelligent, thinking people who have heard about this city and that country, than have heard about any other in the world. It would be altogether impossible for us to tell all that comes to the mind when you mention those names. Palestine and Jerusalem will never be forgotten. That little country and that small city were the homes of many great men, who have had more influence on people from early times down to the present day than any other set of great men, from any other place or country in human history.

Palestine is small in area, as we have said; but it is not ordinary or commonplace to the traveler. Perhaps there is no place anywhere on the earth where you would find so much variety in scenery and climate, as within that small space of two hundred miles of seacoast. You remember where it is placed. It is just a narrow strip of land situated at the end of the great sea that separates Europe and Africa,—a short line of seacoast running north and south, in a remote corner washed by the waters of that inland ocean, the blue Mediterranean.

They have all kinds of climate there. You may visit it in March in one place, and find it as hot as you would find it in mid-summer in the warmest city of America or England. You may visit it again in another locality and be met with cold, bleak winds and drifting snows. You may go down to one corner and find it lonely, barren and desolate, nothing but rocks and sands. This part lies not very many miles from Jerusalem. You could go there in a day on horseback; you would be down in a vast hollow in the ground, one thousand or fifteen hundred feet below the level of the ocean. Around you would be steep precipices, bare rocks, lofty mountains. Everything there would be lifeless. You have all heard of this place; it is called the Dead Sea. No fish can live in its waters, scarcely anything grows on its banks; the neighborhood is cheerless, dry, hot and dreary.

Fifty miles away from this great pit in the earth that is called the Dead Sea, up in the north you would find a beautiful lake surrounded with towns and villages, rich meadows and farm lands,—flowers growing, wheat fields everywhere, olive orchards on the hill-side, everything suggesting comfort and plenty. You would think of it as a beautiful garden. It is the neighborhood of the famous Sea of Galilee.

Still further to the north, you will find a great mountain range, their peaks clad with the snows that never melt. On their sides are growing the beautiful trees which we have all heard about. We are thinking, of course, of the cedars and mountains of Lebanon. There in the northeast corner you would meet with a city so old that no man has ever been able to tell just when it began, or who founded it. It is said to be the oldest city in the world. You may climb to the hill-tops and look down upon it; you will see houses and streets, and all about a beautiful garden surrounding

the place. Then if you look beyond to the east, you would see the sands of the vast desert which extends hundreds and hundreds of miles away, across which caravans have to come when they visit the city. You have perhaps heard of it already, the old town of Damascus.

If you were to travel in a ship at the present time along the coast of Palestine for two hundred miles, you would have pointed out to you the former sites of two other famous places, Tyre and Sidon. It has been thought that the civilized world received its first alphabet or way of writing from these two cities. If you were sailing along the coast in the night time, some one would point out to you a solitary light gleaming aloft in the darkness; it would be from the light-house of the famous hill-top called Mt. Carmel.

Again, if you went across to that sea of Galilee which we have just mentioned, and then went southward, you would be following the course of a famous river. Swift and strong in its current, deep and impetuous though not very wide, it goes rushing on, until it finally enters that deep hollow of the earth to which we have referred, the Dead Sea. You have all heard of this river Jordan. A few miles before you reach its mouth, if you stop and turn to the right, going toward the Mediterranean Sea on horseback, you would first come to the site of the famous old city of Jericho; then you would wind along a steep, narrow and dangerous path, up the cliffs hundreds of feet, until you are near the summit; then by a road along the side of the Mount of Olives, until finally you would pass through an immense stone gate, and enter the city of Jerusalem.

Palestine and this wonderful city, as we have reminded you, were the home of a number of great men. Those persons did wonderful things and had great

thoughts. What they did and what they said has come down to us, and we read it and admire it, and learn a great deal from it. Some of those men were not only great; but what is far better, they were also good and true. That country in particular has given us examples of the great and true and good men in history. This is the reason, more than any other, why we would care to know and visit the place; and why we want to learn more and more about everything that happened, or was said and done, in Palestine or at Jerusalem.

THE COMING OF THE NEW PRINCE.

What is a king? We have all heard of persons called by that name. There have been a great many of them in other lands, although we have never had one in our own country. We have been told also about princes. Do you know what they are? There have been still more of *them* in other lands; but we have never had a single person who has had that title with us. In those other places they think very much of kings and princes; they give them great honor and power. It has usually been supposed that only persons could have that title, or be endowed with those powers, who belonged to certain families. We say that the title is "inherited." It has seldom happened that people have been willing to call any man a prince or a king, who did not come from a family of persons that had already borne such titles. There is something a little strange and peculiar about this circum-

stance, which we should not forget; because it will mean a great deal as we go on with our story.

Kings and princes have even greater privileges, and still more power, in the far east on the continent of Asia. In that country they are allowed to do almost as they please; they can say to a person "Do this," and he must do it; they can turn to another and tell him, "Do not do that," and he dare not do it. Whatever such persons command is the law, so that their will must be obeyed. They also have great wealth; they own many things; they live in beautiful homes and have many people to wait on them. These kings have a splendid chance to do great good, or to do great evil, because they have so much power and can do so much "just as they please."

When a man is mentioned by this title of prince or king, you know therefore that either he must have been born with that name, or that he must have made himself very great and powerful in order to have received it. You know that people either must have had great fear of those persons, or very high respect and esteem for them. What we have to tell you in this story, is to be about a man who also bore the name of prince or king. There was something very remarkable about him; for he was given that name on account of the qualities of his life and character. It is quite certain that while he bore that title, he was not like any other king or prince who has ever lived. Now that men have come to think so much of his memory, and to talk so much about him, there have grown up two different meanings to those words "prince" and "king."

We shall want to decide which one of those meanings we prefer, and which one is the more certain to live forever in the hearts of men. We will ask ourselves what was the cause of this change of meaning

in those two old words. We would like to know how it could happen that a word should come to stand for something else, all owing to the life or influence of *one person*. This event does not often take place; for that reason it must indicate a great deal. We are led to suspect one of two things: either that this special person had in him certain gifts and qualities which were so remarkable as to make men never forget the new kind of king; or else that the people in their own hearts had already been carrying another idea of what this word *ought* to mean, and so at last had been glad to welcome a new and far grander meaning for that title.

We have said that the men who bore this title, have had great power for good or ill. Sometimes they have loved the people and have tried to make good laws, to establish justice, to teach men wisdom and give them happiness. They have sought to make their country great and renowned, so that every man who was one of its citizens should have a sense of pride and glory in belonging to that country. Then again there have been men who have borne this title, and yet who did not care for the people. They have dealt unjustly with them; they have been unkind to them; they have wasted their labor, allowed wrongs to be committed, sacrificed the lives of the people to their personal ambition. They made their own names great; but they did it by crushing out the happiness of the persons over whom they were the kings. We call such men despots or tyrants.

And so we can see why it is that far in the east when a country was oppressed, when it was treated harshly and cruelly by neighboring countries and kings, when it had no rights and no privileges, when it was looked down upon and scorned as being weak and of no account,—we can then understand how it is

that such a people should dream and long for a time when they too might have a leader or prince of their own, who should appear from their own race, born of some family that in by-gone times had carried that title. They would fancy how this new king would raise armies and come in power; how he would lift them up from their low-born position; how he would drive out the men who were oppressing them; how he would establish justice and punish crime; how he would go forth and conquer other nations; how, in fact, he would raise their name once more from scorn and contempt, into an exalted position of renown and glory.

We have told you of that country of Palestine. There was a time long ago, when its people were just in that state of oppression. They were looked down upon as weak; they were despised as of no account. They had to do the bidding of people who were not of their own race and had not been born in their own land. They could not have their own way. If they worked hard, much of what they earned was taken away from them by this other people. And yet, at one time in the past they had been a great and independent nation. We cannot wonder, therefore, that they should have had just this longing for a new king or prince of their own. They had come to believe that a new leader would arise; they were sure that some time, not very far ahead, there would be a prince of their own people, who would appear and be gifted with all the attributes of kingly majesty. He would lift them from their lowly state, drive out their enemies, restore to them their possessions, have great armies, and make their name, their city and their country once more grand and glorious throughout all the world. They expected that he would be a true king; one, as they termed it, who would be a "Prince of the House of David."

They thought of their future leader by that name, because hundreds of years before, they had had a great king of their own race, whose name was David. And they had the opinion which was common in those days, that a new prince would have to be descended from David's family.

Well, there did come a person who bore that name and has it still,—a man who has carried the title of king from that time to the present day, all over the civilized world. He appeared at the very time when the people were expecting a leader; he has received from men the very title that everybody then living in Palestine had intended to give. He is known still as the "Prince of the House of David."

And yet he was not quite the same kind of a man they had expected. He had many of the same gifts, and much of the same kind of power; but he did not have the same kind of ambition. That was the great difference. On that account they did not recognize him when he came. We cannot wonder at it, or altogether blame them for it. He was like, and yet again so utterly unlike what they had expected. He had many of the very qualities they desired; and yet he used them in such a different way from what they had anticipated. But be that as it may, the fact is true that his name has become very generally known as standing for this new idea of prince or king.

We refer of course to Jesus. You will want to know all about him. You would desire to hear of his words, just what he did, what he thought, what he felt and what he said; you would like to know what other men have believed about him and how they treated him. You will ask who was his father, and mother, where and how he lived, and what kind of a man he was.

But you must understand that when a person of this kind appears in the world, he is so strange and

unlike other people, so much above them and different from them, that they only partly understand him; and so it is that they may be very much confused about what he said and did, and may have told it sometimes in one way when he said it or did it in another. When we think a great deal of people, when we either love them or fear them, we are fond of talking a great deal about them. Sometimes we do not know just what they did at a certain time, and so we may try and *fancy* what were the circumstances. Then, too, it has always been the way that whenever people have admired a certain person, they have thought somehow that such a man must have done just those things which they especially admire. When you understand this, you will not mistake me when I say that it will be very hard *always* to tell you exactly what were the facts, and what were not the facts about this new prince or king. It is eighteen or nineteen hundred years since he lived on earth. What we do know is, that there was something very wonderful, very grand and very beautiful about him, which we would not want to forget nor to have any man lose sight of. As for me, I love this story more than any other story in the world, and I think it is the most beautiful story in the world. I look upon it as the most beautiful life that was ever lived. I like to read it over and over again, and to go on thinking about it all the time.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

Palestine was excited over what it had to endure. Everything looked dark and gloomy. There was no comfort and no rest. Another great city, that of

Rome, had overcome their land and placed a prince to rule over them. He neither loved them nor cared for them. They were thinking about the great and glorious times long, long ago, when King David, their hero, had made them so great and prosperous. "Now again," they said, "a prince of his house will come once more. We shall be restored; our prince will appear"—and as they were talking about it, behold he came!

Away from Jerusalem, up in the north, in Galilee that is sometimes called the "Garden" of Palestine, one more little home had just been started. It was a humble carpenter's shop. There was less excitement in this part of Palestine, and not quite so much unrest. The persons who lived there were the peasants or country people. They had simple ways and fewer wants. But even in that fair garden there was trouble and distress. The hand of the oppressor was felt there too. Galilee was also sighing for the coming of the Prince of the House of David.

Within this new home in one of those modest villages two people, a man and his wife, were living and working. They were young and full of hope. We hear of them by name as Joseph and Mary.

While they were quiet and hopeful in the new joy of their dwelling, although there was so much sorrow and trouble outside, there came one night to the young woman as she lay in slumber, a wonderful dream. A beautiful form stood before her, all radiant with light and glory. It was the figure of one who called himself the "Angel Gabriel." And he stood before her and said: "Hail, thou that art highly favored! Behold thou shalt have a son; he shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High. He shall reign over the House of his people, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." And Mary re-

plied in her dream: "Behold, be it done unto me according to thy word."

Not long after this dream had come to Mary, it so happened that they both had to leave their new home for a little while and make a journey to the south. It would not have been a great trip for us at the present day, because we have stages or railways. But at that time in that little country there was nothing of this kind; they had to go on foot if they had little means; or at best on horseback. It may have taken them a long number of days before they came to the end of their journey. They were bound for a little village nestled on the hill-side only a few miles away from Jerusalem, called Bethlehem.

You wonder what it was that caused them to go away from their home so soon after they had been married. It is said that the king of Rome who was oppressing them, had sent out a decree that all the world should be taxed; each family was to come to a special city and pay what was due. And all went to enroll themselves; every one to his own city. And Joseph went up into Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into the city which is called Bethlehem, to enroll himself and Mary. At this time the people all over the country were traveling in crowds; and so in that one little town to which these two were going, there must have been a great number of strangers. Only the people of wealth could have made themselves comfortable. As for these two, there was no room for them in any house at all. The best that they could do was to go out and take up their brief abode in the place for the beasts of burden. But they were brave and did not complain even in that lowly habitation. And it so happened that while they were there their first child was born. As it is said "She brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and

laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." This is the simple and beautiful story that has come down to us about the birth of Jesus.

Yet as we are told, others also had had dreams of the coming of this "Son of the Most High;" and in those days people thought a great deal of dreams.

It is said that the shepherds had already heard of it. They were out on the hill-side just beyond the village, watching their flocks by night. We hear a great deal about this class of persons in the east, because it was a very common mode of life. Some very wise men in early times used to be shepherds. Now while this little group of persons were gathered together in the evening, and there was no light but the stars shining in beauty overhead, all of a sudden it seemed as if there were a choir of voices singing all about them in the darkness, pouring forth words of beauty, so sweet that at first the men could not understand them. Yet as they listened, it was as if amid the music they kept hearing one refrain. It came to them over and over again, the beautiful words: *peace on earth, good-will to men*. They kept wondering and asking themselves "Is it a dream, this beautiful music?"

Then all of a sudden out of the darkness there came a great light; a figure stood before them; glory was around about them and they were afraid. But a voice said unto them: *Be not afraid; behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for there is born to you this day in the city of Bethlehem a savior*. When the music had ceased, and the shepherds had aroused themselves, they said one unto another, "Let us go to the neighboring town of Bethlehem and see what has come to pass." And as they went on, they still could hear in their minds the same words continually, "peace on earth, good-will to men." It made them happy. So they did not stop

until they entered and bowed before Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in the manger. Then they told the story of their beautiful dream, still saying over the words: "peace on earth, good-will to men." After that they withdrew and went back to their flocks again.

But they were not the only ones, according to the tale, that had had visions and dreams of the coming of a wonderful child. If you read history you will often be told of men in the far east, who are known as the Magi, or the "wise men of the east." In those countries it was often customary for a certain number of persons to be set apart to live in temples, or to be in towers, so as to study the stars. People somehow believed at that time that there was more knowledge to be gained by this study than by any other method. And it so happened that as some of these men were watching the heavens, they saw in all that host of stars one they had not seen before. Strange thoughts came to them; they fancied that it must mean the coming of a new and great man to the world. And so the wise men of the east set out on their journey to discover who the person was.

As they came to Jerusalem they heard how the people were expecting a new prince of their own. So they addressed Herod, who had been placed as king over the people by the city of Rome, saying to him: *Where is he that is born a king, for we saw his star in the East and are come to behold him.* And when Herod heard it, he was troubled. And gathering together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the expected leader should be born. And they said unto him: "in Bethlehem," for that had been the place where they had thought the new prince would arise. Then Herod called the wise men and learned of them what time the star appeared, and said: "Go and search carefully for the young child;

and when you have found him, bring me word that I also may go and see him." Herod of course did not mean what he said, for he would not have wanted any such person to appear. But they having heard the king, went their way and came to Bethlehem. There they were told of the child born in the manger. And they came and saw the young child with Mary his mother, made him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, telling Joseph and Mary about the new star in the east. Then instead of returning to Herod, they departed into their own country by another way.

Joseph and Mary were troubled and worried. What did all this mean? What would this child be? As they feared and wondered, a strange dream came, this time to Joseph. A voice said to him: "Rise and take the young child and his mother and go into Egypt, and be thou there for a while; as Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." Then Joseph arose and took the young child and his mother by night and they departed. For long days they journeyed alone together, until they had crossed the border land, and were no more among their own people, but in a strange country. There by themselves they lived for two long years. When at last they knew that King Herod was no longer alive, they went back to their little home in Nazareth. There in the beautiful country of Galilee, remote from the great cities, in quiet seclusion, the child grew slowly into youth, and from youth into manhood.

YOUTH OF JESUS.

We have told of the beautiful stories about the birth and infancy of Jesus. But now comes a curious fact. For the next thirty years of his life we hear

almost nothing about him. Here was a man whose name has been more widely known throughout the world, than any other name in history. What was he doing and thinking about all this time? We know that at first he lay in the arms of his mother, too small and weak to go about by himself. We think of him as passing out of infancy into boyhood; and still scarcely anything is ever heard of him; then on into youth, and still almost no word; and until at last he had come to the age of thirty years.

There is something very strange about this long silence. It certainly had a meaning; there must have been a reason for it. Here was a youth who was to become great in history, and yet scarcely anybody had heard of him. I am inclined to think that this was one of the secrets of his greatness. He did not speak until he was ready; he did not act until he was prepared. But when the time came, he did and said all that was necessary, in two or three years. What he said and did in that little space of time was enough to give him a greater name than what other great men have done or spoken through a long number of years.

The reason for this silence was perhaps because he was thinking so much all within himself. He made no stir; he did not keep telling people what was in his mind; he was just brooding over what was going on in the world.

What was he thinking about during these thirty years of silence? He was not idle with his hands. Mary and Joseph had to earn their living. Joseph was a carpenter. We are sure that Jesus worked with him at the bench; we know that he must have toiled very hard and had little time to spend or waste in leisure or play. Yet while his hands were busy, his mind was at work all the time; he was always brooding, thinking, trying to make up his mind as to what

ought to be done to help the people. Is it possible that there had gone on ringing in the ears of the family day after day and year after year, the song heard by the shepherds in the night, "Peace on earth, good-will to men?" Was he perhaps thinking of those words and trying to make out what they could mean? At noontime when there was a pause in the labor, those words would perhaps come back to him, and would not let him rest. At eventime when the sun went down, and the day's work was over, and the firelight was playing on the walls of that humble home, again that song might come back to him, always and ever the same refrain, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." While others were sleeping quietly, he would still be going over the same words. He could not shake them off. Sometimes the song would be in a tone of joy and gladness, and his heart would beat with pleasure. Then again the tone would change and the words would come as a chant of sorrow, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

What could the chant of sorrow mean? How could it be that a song of peace and good-will should ever be sad and mournful? And yet he knew the reason why. It was because it made him think how far away human society was from what it *ought to be*. A song of peace was contrary to the feelings of the men and women who lived all about him. He heard rather the tones of anger, the outcry of rage, the demand for revenge. He saw how poor and wretched the people were. Alas! he could see that there was no peace on earth, that there was little of good-will among men.

He heard the people talking; he listened to their sighs as they told of what they had to endure. Then too he knew of their dreams and hopes. All about him, every day, he could hear them speak of the

coming of the great "Prince of the House of David." He was acquainted with what they expected from this new prince; how they believed that he would be the great deliverer who should gather armies together, drive out the enemy, stop the oppression, give them back their earnings, place them once more as a great people and a wonderful country before all the world.

The talk everywhere in the land was about this coming Prince. They did not know his name, but they kept on believing. They were quite sure about it; and it lay ever on the mind of Jesus. I can fancy how at the end of the day he may have gone out of the village to the hill-side; and in the soft glow of the setting sun, or while the twilight deepened, the darkness settled down, and the stars came out to form a great canopy of splendor over his head—how he should have stood there silently thinking, trying to make out in his mind what it meant, who *was* this coming king, the new Prince of the House of David.

Was it possible that it should cross his mind as a question whether the people were quite right in what they expected? If a king were to come with his armies, and relieve them from their burdens and oppression, would he after all be a true prince of peace, and spread good-will among men? It was an awful doubt. He could not tell it to anybody. But it must have made him so unhappy!

And so night after night, month after month, year after year he kept brooding. At last he may have come to think that there was a mistake in the dreams of the people, that in their thoughts they had the wrong idea of the coming King. What a daring idea

that must have been! How alone he must have felt! Perhaps he was the only man in all the country among that people, who had that thought in mind, and understood this mistake! How it must have come over him; what sorrow he must have felt, knowing that the time would arrive when his friends and countrymen might have to awake from their dream or illusion! Should he be the one to tell them this, to arouse them from their slumber, to call them away from the hopes which they were cherishing? That was what he had to decide for himself now. Alas! who would there be to hear him or believe him? He stood there in his silence on the hill-side, one man alone against all the world.

Then he began to think of something else. This expectation about a new leader and a new kingdom could not be altogether a dream. There must be some truth in it. Was it possible that *another* kind of a prince might come; another kingdom in some form be brought about,—which might in some way restore the people, and give them joy and peace; even though it would not give them glory and renown; even though it might not relieve them from all their sufferings, save them from all their burdens, or entirely put away from them the hand of the oppressor. Might there not come right away in his village, there by the sea of Galilee, and all over Judea as well as at Jerusalem, and even at the great city of Rome, this other kingdom, which he called to himself the *kingdom of heaven*? Was it possible that there was a kingdom of peace which each man could make for himself in spite of all he had to endure? Perhaps the people were wrong in thinking of this new kingdom as something on the outside. Then, all of a sudden, it flashed upon the mind of Jesus: *The kingdom of heaven is within one's self.*

What was this kingdom; what did it mean for him? We will leave that to be explained by what he said and did, when at last he was ready and prepared and went out as a teacher of men.

But as he thought at the noon-time, or at the even-time by the firelight, or out alone on the hills with the stars for his canopy, he was growing year by year into early manhood. All the time the excitement about him was increasing; everybody was wondering why it was that the new prince did not come. The hand of the oppressor was becoming heavier and heavier. Some were saying that relief would never come. Hopelessness and dread began to spread slowly in the hearts of many persons. The world was growing dark and dreary. All the beauty of Galilee was losing its meaning; it gave them no help, it seemed only to add to their pain.

Yet as the impatience grew, as the suffering increased, even so the thought became more and more fixed in the mind of Jesus about this other idea of a kingdom. Then came another new and sudden suggestion. Might *he himself* become the prince of this other kingdom and so in this other way become the people's savior and deliverer? Was it left for him to lead the people into this new way, to call upon them to take this new idea of a kingdom? He was reminded of the dreams which his mother told him about. He recalled the dream of the shepherds. What did it mean? He did not know. But it made him think more and more. At last he made up his mind. *He* would undertake to become this *prince of peace*.

Now we can understand the meaning of his long silence. Had he spoken while he was thinking it all out for himself, had he tried to be a leader and a teacher all the time while he was only making up his mind, how he would have confused everybody; how

he would have been himself misled! I think this silence, this waiting until he was fully prepared, until he knew that he had grown into complete manhood, is one of the chief facts that make us regard him so highly and look upon his name with such awe and reverence.

Jesus was now ready. Years of thinking had gone by. He was still in the minds of his neighbors and those around him, only "the carpenter's son;" but within himself he was something more and greater. He felt himself called upon to go forth and give the people a new teaching, to tell them of their mistake, to arouse them from their dream, to kindle in their hearts a new idea of a prince and a more perfect thought as to a kingdom. At that time when any one spoke of the coming helper and leader, they thought of him by the name of the "Messiah." Jesus was to go forth and take that name, but to give it another meaning. All alone by himself, he had made up his mind, he had chosen his course; he would be the leader of the people, he would show them a better way, he would be for them the real Messiah. One great truth was clear to him. One thought he would teach everywhere. One lesson he desired to give the people. He would tell them that the true Kingdom of Peace was not on the outside, but in the human heart itself. He would say to them over and over again: *The kingdom of heaven is within you!*

BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Jesus was now to go forth. What next had he to do?

It has been an old custom, starting we hardly know where or when, for persons who are about to change

their course of life, to alter their ways, or give themselves to some special or great work, to go through a solemn form or ceremony, that might perhaps be called a *consecration*.

There is one of these forms which has been known for a long time and is in use at the present day. We call it baptism. In this ceremony some one who has been appointed for the purpose, dips his hand in water, and sprinkles it gently on the head of the person, saying at the same time a few solemn words, or receiving from the person himself a solemn pledge. Then again the form may be so complete that the ceremony will take place at the riverside, and the person will descend into the water and be dipped beneath its surface.

“What does this form mean?” I suppose it refers to the use of water in washing the body clean; and so this ceremony would be what we call a symbol of cleansing the mind from the bad feelings that we have had, meaning that we intended to give them up and would now devote ourselves to the Good and True.

Jesus, now that he was ready to give himself up to his great purpose, went therefore to be baptized. We told you of the great river that started from the Sea of Galilee, flowed along the east of Palestine, a rapid, impetuous current, down into that great chasm of the earth which is called the Dead Sea. At that time there was another teacher who had become well known, and was very much talked about by everybody. He too had set out with new tidings. He was saying to all the world: *Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand*. He was called John the Baptist. He used to teach down on the Plains of Jericho, by the banks of the Jordan not far away from its mouth.

John himself had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about him, and his food was locusts

and wild honey. Then the people of Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about the Jordan went out to him; and they were baptized by him in the river Jordan, confessing the wrongs they had done. And when they had come forth from the waters he would say to them: *Now bring forth fruit worthy of repentance.*

Jesus was living far away in Nazareth by the sea of Galilee; but he was hearing about this new teacher and of this new command, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." What wonder if the words came home to him with a deeper meaning than to the rest of the people! How they seemed to agree with what he had been thinking about in the silence of those long years of waiting! Had not the hour come for him to go forth and tell them *what that kingdom was?*

And so he sets out and leaves his home. It was the last time he would ever meet those people and still be simply the "carpenter's son." He was to say good-bye to them; he had to bid farewell to the members of his home, to Mary and to Joseph. When he came back to them, would they receive him as before, would they have the same love for him, the same care for what he did? He could only wait and see. But there was just one thing for him to do. He had made up his mind; he was now a full grown man. He would choose for himself; he felt that he had to go. He would join this new teacher; he would receive from him the baptism, and so go through the form of his consecration.

He arrived at last in what was called the "wilderness," down in that dry and barren region known as the "mouth of the Jordan." As he traveled thither he could see crowds all about him; he met those who had been there and had already heard the new

teacher. At last as he came near, he could see hundreds and perhaps thousands of people scattered over the plain waiting for their turn.

I wonder if Jesus did not then begin to have a fuller sense of what he had to do. Was he thinking, how little all those thousands knew of what was really meant by the "kingdom of heaven?" Did it cross his mind to ask himself whether those people would truly repent and be sorry and change their course of life,—when they discovered that the kingdom for which they looked, was not going to be like the ordinary splendor of some great monarch or kingdom in the east? What would they think if they were told that they would still have to suffer; that they could not expect at any time to have things just as they wanted; that they must continue to feel the hard hand of the oppressor,—even though at the same time, right at their door and all about them, there was still waiting for them in the higher sense a true Kingdom, the *kingdom of heaven in the heart*.

Jesus, too, came to the riverside; he, too, was led down into the stream, was dipped beneath the water and so received the baptism. We can fancy the feelings he had, how wrapt he was in his own thoughts, how completely at the moment he forgot everything outside. It was to him as though he were in a dream. As he rose out of the water and felt that the step had at last been taken, it seemed to him as though he saw slowly coming out of the clouds and hovering in the air, and finally resting right over his head, the form of a beautiful white dove. It was the symbol of the peace in his own heart. Then as he turned his eyes upward once more, he fancied he saw in the sky a grand and solemn face looking down upon him, while a voice was saying: "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." It was as if the solemn, beautiful

voice of conscience within him, had in this strange vision announced its approval of his course. It was such a beautiful dream!

THE TEMPTATION.

Jesus had received the baptism; he was now ready to go forth. And yet he did not begin at once. No, there was just a little more thinking to be done. He must for a time go away all alone, far from the homes and haunts of men. He must stay in solitude, with little food, and without protection, all by himself in the wilderness. He must make sure of what he had to say. When once he had said it, he could not take it back. He could afford to wait a little. What he had to teach would not require many words or long years. The end would come sure and soon. All that was necessary, was first to make sure that he was ready before he spoke.

We can never know just what goes on in the mind of a person at such a time. We can only think how he must have hesitated, how he must have struggled. We can easily fancy that even fear and dread would come upon him; it was so *terribly solitary*.

You can hardly realize what a desolate place it was,—nothing but the bare rocks and the open sky. No flowers were growing there, no trees, nothing to please the eye and delight the heart; nature was lifeless. At times he would hear the cry of savage beasts. Over his head, far up in the sky the birds would be

flying; but the birds never thought to alight where he was, for there was nothing for them to eat or drink. There were no brooks running by, to cheer him with the sound of their waters or to cool his thirsty lips.

While he was in that place alone, all sorts of strange ideas came to him. As he was thinking over in his mind one way and another, how to say and do what he wanted to say and do, there came to him at that hour a sudden doubt. Was he right after all? Was it possible that he could be wrong, that perhaps the people knew better than himself? Was it possible that *their* kind of a prince would actually come, that there might indeed be really a conqueror, a deliverer, who would give them their kind of a kingdom, and restore them to their idea of glory? Did it cross his mind how much easier and pleasanter it would be to take their view and become their kind of a leader, and so to yield to their feelings and wants? How much more they would think of him, how much more they would love and believe in him! Even if he failed, they would care for him still. He had only to gather the people together, form them into an army and become their leader, drive out the oppressor, and then be their monarch and king. Now, when he had this other teaching to give, perhaps they would not care for him and his new gospel. They might hate him and despise him. Perhaps he would lose both their love and their confidence, and also the very end he was striving for. At that lonely hour when he was hungry and faint, it crossed his mind that it might be worth the while to give up his first plan, and be the other kind of a conqueror.

He was alone and there was no one to whom he could confide his thought, no human being on whom he could lean. He had to fight out the battle all by himself in his own mind. The future of the world

might turn on his decision. Then what do you suppose took place? Weary and worn out with the struggle, faint from want of food, torn to pieces by his constant thinking, half awake and half asleep, it seemed to him as if a figure stood before him and addressed him: "Jesus, you have power; you are great; you can do anything you please. Why insist so much on this other kind of strength? Why not be like other people? Why not be more direct? Reach them first by giving them just what they want. You can be their kind of a leader. A man like yourself can become whatever he pleases. You have the power. If you do not believe me, see for yourself! You are hungry and faint: Say to these stones around you, 'Be ye bread' and see whether at your command they will not become bread."

The figure vanished. Jesus all of a sudden springs out of his half dream. He stands erect, he rubs his eyes. What was it, he thinks, that the figure had said to him? Then the words come back to him and repeat themselves to his mind. But he is still strong; he spurns the thought. The old self, the grand purpose he has had for many years, comes before him. He cannot be in both senses a king. He will not use that other kind of power. He has no faith in what is all on the outside. He will not win them by mere wonders. He must make them feel their own need. He will rely on his cause and trust to what it can do on the *hearts* of men. In the silence he is startled by the sound of his own voice as he exclaims aloud: *Get thee behind me, thou tempter.*

He sits down again to rest; he is half awake and half asleep. The same figure once more stands before him; it seems to carry him away out of the wilderness until they are standing together on the pinnacle of the great temple at Jerusalem. Then the figure

addresses him: "Look upon the people below. You desire to win them to your idea of a Kingdom of Heaven. Now is the moment. You are safe and strong. No harm can come to you. Leap from this pinnacle, fall headlong hundreds of feet below to the pavement; stand up unhurt and uninjured. Then all those thousands will say: 'Behold the man who has such power! He must have wisdom; let us hear him.' And so in one hour you will be able to accomplish your purpose; you will not have to go on teaching for years. By this means you can win them *at once* to your idea of a Kingdom of Heaven."

Again the figure vanished. Jesus springs to his feet. Once more he rubs his eyes. Was it a dream; might he do it; had he done it? Then all his former thinking comes back to him, as he says to himself: "Oh, no! it could never be; I must win their hearts to want and to long for this new idea of the true kingdom. It would do no good merely to make them believe me because I say it. No, I will not do it; I am so glad it was only a dream!" Again is heard echoing among the rocks the sound of his voice as he exclaims: *Get thee behind me, thou tempter.*

But he was too weak to stand. He sinks down to rest; his head falls back, and again he drops off into a half dream. Once more the same figure stands before him. He can do nothing. In his fancy he is taken away in the clouds over towns and cities until he is standing on a mountain top. Again the figure speaks: "Behold the world; look out on these cities, those far-away islands and kingdoms. These are all yours to conquer and possess, if you will. Think again; do not be rash! You are mistaken in clinging to your own view. You will not succeed in your way; you can succeed if you will take mine. Do not trust yourself. Listen to me. Take the idea of the

people; give them what they want. Found for them a great nation; give your people their kind of a kingdom. It is all right to be fond of power; you can use it to good purpose even if you do take this other course. Let the people have their way. Be their prince. The world is at your feet; you can be greater than all the kings, if only you will try to be the same kind of a king."

Again the figure vanished. Jesus wakes once more; again he starts to his feet and rubs his eyes. Once more a shudder comes over him at the thought that he was almost yielding. A terror is in his mind lest perhaps he had given up his purpose. Each time he thought he had conquered. But still this dream would come back to him. Would that figure never stay away? As his mind clears, he brushes away the fancy. He is so glad it was only a dream! A third time the silence is broken with the echoes: *Get thee behind me, thou tempter.*

Jesus began to understand. The figure that had been appearing before him was only a *thought* lingering in his own mind. It was the last remnant of the old self trying to get its hold again. But he had conquered at last. He lay down once more to rest. This time, however, he did not care. The figure might come as often as it pleased; it might urge him to give up his purpose, to be like other men, to dazzle them by performing wonderful deeds, to become one of the kings of the earth. He knew, however, that it was not a real person addressing him, nor was it his own real mind; it was only the weaker, lower self within him, that was speaking. He dropped off once more into slumber.

But the figure of the tempter did not come again. In its place it appeared to him in his dream as if bright and beautiful forms gathered around him,

leaning their faces over him and whispering softly:
Be thou comforted.

And so he ended his long fast and time of thinking. He left that desolate scene where there was no life, no flowers, no whispering brooks. Human beings had not been there before; no one has ever been there since. Still I fancy, if we should ever be on that spot, we could perhaps hear sounding among the rocks the echo of the words: *Get thee behind me, thou tempter.*

THE TWELVE DISCIPLES.

When Jesus was to go forth alone, to carry his strange thoughts and new teachings to the people, what would he do at first? He would go here and there to one and another, call them to him and talk with them, and see whether he could not find a few chosen friends who would agree with him and help him.

While he was walking by the Sea of Galilee he saw two brothers, Simon who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. He came near to them and talked with them; he found that they too were not quite satisfied with what the people were wanting, that they too felt that there might be something better. And he laid his hands on their shoulders and said to them, "Come with me and I will make you fishers of men." And so they left their nets and followed him.

Then going on from thence he saw two other brothers, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a boat with Zebedee their father, mending their nets. To them also he went; to them too he said, "Is there not something better? Can we not carry another truth to the people? Come with me." And so they left their boat, bade good-bye to their father, and followed him.

In that way he went about from one to another, until at last he had just twelve. You will hear very much of their doings. They were known as the *twelve apostles*.

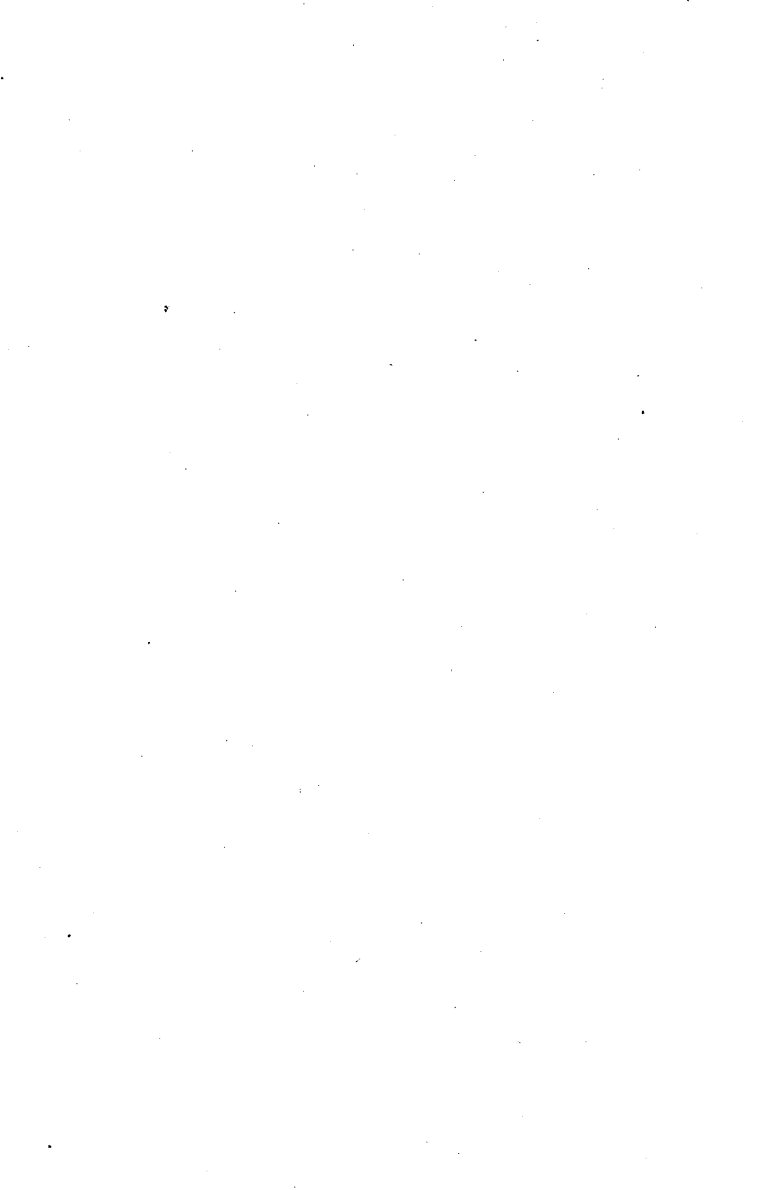
They were different kinds of men; young and old, gentle and loving, or bold and fearless; trustful and devoted, or doubting and faithless. There was for example the bold and impetuous Peter; also in contrast with him, the gentle and loving John; then there was the "doubting Thomas;" and there was also the "traitor Judas."

He gathered the twelve together and made them his chosen friends. When other men doubted or scorned him and his teachings, he leaned on them: he would turn to their faces and their look said, "We believe." Other men did not seem to care or did not try to catch his meaning; they misunderstood or misrepresented him. In his sorrow he turned to his disciples and in their eyes he read the words: "Trust in us, we at least will *try* to understand." What wonder that he loved them and that they loved him! Why should it be strange that we should hear so much afterwards about the twelve Apostles?

PART II.

THE THREE YEARS OF WORK.

(41)



SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

The Beatitudes.

Jesus was now the teacher of a new gospel. "What could it all mean?" One and another heard of it; people talked of it together in the streets at the end of the day, or in the market. "Who is this new teacher?" they said. "Is he to be our new leader; will he relieve us from our oppression; will he make us once more so that people will think of us as the most wonderful nation in the world? What can he mean by this kingdom of heaven?"

They crowded out of the cities, they left their homes, they went into the country to hear him, hundreds and thousands of people, all hoping that perhaps now their deliverer was at hand, their own much-longed-for messiah, their expected Prince of the House of David.

They found him on the hill-side. Around him and close by stood the twelve friends whom he had chosen. Near to them were gathered men and women in crowds along the sloping hill-side, waiting in expectation. What would he say? Was it really he? Had their prince come at last?

And as the people stood around him, men, women and children, young and old, with trial and hardship written on their faces, he rose up before them to speak.

He began with the famous "blessings," which we call the "beatitudes." He looked out before him; he saw the people; he knew that many of them were hungry and wanting food; he perceived that some of

them were clothed in rags and had many a time shivered with cold. He saw their stooping shoulders, their forms bent with the weary burdens of life. He looked into their longing eyes and startled them with a sudden outburst which they had never heard before: *Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.* They gazed at him in wonder. What was he saying? "Blessed are we the poor, for ours is the kingdom of heaven?"

He looked again on their faces. He saw the expression of those who were sorrowing in loss for loved ones whom they would not see here again. He noticed their bowed heads, their unhappy faces, the longing for comfort when they felt that there was no comfort to be had. And as it was borne in upon him for a moment what they wanted, he startled them as he said: *Blessed are ye that mourn.* They raised their bent heads and gazed at him with strange eyes. They asked in wonder: "What is it that he says? Blessed are we that mourn? What can that mean?"

He looked out on others; he saw lips pressed together, hands clenched. He heard whisperings or muttered words that told of anger. He saw in the eyes of some the desire for revenge, the wish to beat down the oppressors, to stamp on them with hate, to triumph over those who were doing them wrong. He saw in them the wish to do the ill to others which others had done to them. Then he astonished them by saying: *Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.* The look of anger on their faces changed to wonder. "What is it that he is saying? 'Blessed are we the meek, for we shall inherit the earth?' What does that mean?"

Again he looked out. He saw the excitement increasing, the disappointment growing. He knew what they wanted; he observed that they longed for

better things to eat, better clothes to wear, better homes to live in, more pleasure and less toil. He saw that this was what many of them cared for more than anything else; he knew that some of them cared for nothing else at all. And as he thought of this he spoke again: *Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.* They looked at him wondering. "What did he say," they asked one another. And it was whispered among the crowds, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." They said to one another, "What can all that mean?"

He looked out once more,—he saw faces of men who were hard and who had no feeling of pity. He looked at them and saw that many of the very ones who suffered from outside oppression, had also been trying to oppress one another. He saw the poor who had tried to make something or to take something from those who were still more poor. And so as they stood waiting, he exclaimed: *Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.* They glanced around and stood wondering. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy?" Who had ever thought of that before? What could it mean?

Again he looked into their eyes. He seemed to see into their very souls. He observed how much they cared for all that was outside of them, how fond they were of homage and respect from their neighbors, how pleased they were if only other people thought well of them. He could see the self-satisfied faces all around him of those who believed that whatever wrong was done, it was not done by them. And he burst out with the cry: *Blessed are the pure in heart.* They turned around and gazed at one another. What was that he said? "Blessed are the pure in heart!" They did not know what that meant.

Again he looked out. He saw down below the mountain in the distance, the soldiers of the Roman emperor, standing guard at the city gates. He could perceive the way the people felt as they passed out and came down the road; he knew how they too would like to be soldiers and even go to war against their fellows. How many of them would enjoy strife just for the mere pleasure of strife! He saw them come slowly up the hill-side and draw near. His eye ran over the crowd until it fell upon them. Then he exclaimed: *Blessed are the peacemakers.* They strained their ears to catch the words. Did they understand? They turned to their neighbors. "What did he say? 'Blessed are the peacemakers?'" What could that mean?

And then at last his eye rested upon them all without distinction. Every man, woman and child among them bore the marks of suffering; not one in that vast multitude who had not felt and tasted hardship! They stood there before him, one vast crowd of people, over whom he knew was hanging the sword of injustice. He could see the scars which it had left on the faces of the people. As one of the number he wore this scar himself. Then in the presence of them all, with eye reaching to every living person in their number, he exclaimed: *Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.* And then the whole crowd stood before him as one single person. They seemed to be trying to make out what he had said, "Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven?" Alas! they did not altogether understand.

But they had at last heard it all. Blessings on the poor, on those that mourn, on the meek, on those that hunger and thirst after righteousness, on the

merciful, on the pure in heart, on the peacemakers, on those who had been persecuted for righteousness' sake. And as they listened, the first streak of dawn began to show itself in their minds, as to what this new teacher meant with his strange idea of the *true kingdom of heaven*.

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

The Twelve Sayings.

The Beatitudes had now been given. We can fancy how they must have struck the people. There they stood, hundreds, and perhaps thousands, all around him on the mountain side. No doubt they were very much excited. They had heard nothing of this kind before. They did not know what to make of it. This was certainly a new kind of teaching.

They had talked so much about the coming messiah. They had received so many promises of relief. There had been so many leaders who had said, "Come and follow me. I will drive out the enemy; I will punish the oppressors; I will put them under your feet. You shall have plenty and live in splendor; you shall once more have fame and glory; you shall again be a great people and have plenty of power; you shall be able to do as you please. Listen to me; take me as your leader; welcome me as the true Prince of the House of David."

Here stood a man who said little about himself; who did not talk very much about his own leadership; who did not keep urging them to become his follow-

ers; who did not make so many promises to them; who was not always saying so much about being a prince or conqueror.

There had been every kind of feeling among the people while he was giving those Beatitudes. Some, I suppose, were angry. They were saying to one another: "What do we want with all this? Who asked for these blessings? What do we care for that kind of a kingdom? We are hungry; would it give us bread? We are cold; would it give us fuel and warmth? We have little to wear; would it give us clothing? We hardly know how or where to live; would it give us houses and homes? When he once offers us *these* things, we will listen to what he has to say about that *other* kind of a kingdom.

There were some, I fancy, who were smiling. It was so very strange and new, that they could not think it serious. They looked at one another and laughed. But as they did so, the mood changed; their lives had been too sorrowful for them to find much pleasure in laughter. As the smiles faded out of their faces they grew thoughtful and turned once more to listen.

Jesus stood before them. He saw their faces, he could look into their eyes. He perceived their smiles; he noticed their scorn; he felt their anger. He read from their faces what was going on in their minds. Was he overcome, did he draw back? Did he, too, feel scorn or anger at the way they felt? No, he was only stirred by a sense of great pity. All the sorrow and pain which they had gone through, came before his mind. He knew what they must have suffered before they ever could have had those hard feelings. And so once more he looked out on them and began to speak. His voice, I fancy, was at first weak and broken. The words came slowly. He stammered them forth one by one as though the pity within him was so strong it

would not let him speak. But as he went on, as he saw the smile or look of scorn fade out of their faces, as he noticed the eager expression that began to appear in their eyes, his voice perhaps became firm and strong, until at last it may have reached all over the hill-side, and been heard by all those thousands of people. What he said to them is now known to us as the "Sermon on the Mount." From the teachings given by him at that time to the people, I have chosen out a number which we will call the "Twelve Sayings of Jesus," although they have not usually been known by that name.

As he looked out on them, he saw faces that wore a dark and gloomy expression. He was aware how much they would like to kill the people who had done them wrong. He read what was going on in the thoughts of those persons. He perceived how they were cherishing their ill-will; how they were going over and over in their minds all that they had endured; how they were constantly thinking about the people who had done them evil. He knew they were only kept back from giving way to their anger, from taking the lives of persons against whom they had those feelings, by the command "Thou shalt not kill." What do you suppose he said to them; what was it that came into his thought as he saw all the evil passions in their eyes? He looked at them with a calm and searching glance, and said slowly: Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, "Thou shalt not kill," and whosoever kills shall be in danger of the Judgment; but I say unto you, that *every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the Judgment.*—That was the first saying.

He saw other faces that were weak and selfish. He could perceive how fond they were of thinking of the good things that belonged to others; he knew how

much they dwelt on this in their thoughts, how they kept longing to have those good things for themselves. He saw how much they wanted to do what was wrong; he knew how many among that number had done evil merely because they kept thinking about it and kept wishing to do it. He understood very well how they had been able to satisfy themselves when their evil thoughts came to them, by merely saying over in their minds, "I have only thought about it, I have not done it." While those weak persons with their base and selfish feelings stood listening, it was to them as though fire had touched them when he exclaimed: "Ye have heard that it was said, 'Thou shalt not commit evil;' but I say unto you, that *every one that looketh on evil to long after it, hath committed it already in his heart.*—This was the second saying.

Again he turned to other faces. He saw among their number, persons who were talking defiantly to their neighbors; he could perceive that some of those who had been most struck with what he said, were making light of it by using loud and violent language. He knew them at once; he could see that with all their bold speech they were persons who were not strong within themselves and were trying to make up for it by using strong language. He read their character; he knew that profane people were usually weak people. And while they were talking together, they stopped for a moment in dismay as they caught the words: *Swear not at all. But let your speech be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than that cometh of evil.*—This was the third saying.

Then he looked deeper. He saw many there, who were not so bad as to wish to kill those who had done them wrong. He knew that they were only desirous of giving vent to their indignation at the injustice

which was done to them. When the oppressor had come and taken their earnings, had robbed them of their own work and left them but little of all which they themselves had done; then they wanted to resist, they wanted to strike. It had seemed so awfully cruel and hard. What wonder if now and then they had done so? Was it strange if after what they had endured, they should have given vent to their feelings? Perhaps, too, there had been a time when the man who had done them a wrong was himself in their power. Was it strange if they wanted to do ill to the person who had done ill to them? And as they looked up to the new teacher, they felt strange confusion come over them as they heard the words: Ye have heard that it was said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, *resist not him that does you evil; whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.* — That was the fourth saying.

Again, among those thousands he saw others who had faces that were gentle and loving. He could observe them standing side by side as brothers or sisters. He may have noticed friends with arms resting on one another's shoulders; he saw tenderness in their eyes, fellow-feeling written on their looks. He knew how much those men could *love*. And yet as he watched them, he noticed that as their glances fell on another person some distance away, the tender feeling all went out of their faces, and instead came a dark and angry look. He knew then that their eyes rested on an *enemy*. While they stood there arm in arm, shoulder to shoulder, loving their friends, but hating those who were hostile to them, what do you fancy was their feeling when they heard the words that came next from the new teacher: "Ye have heard that it was said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, *love your*

enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you!—That was the fifth saying.

Again he looked out and noticed others who stood a little apart from the crowd, as if they felt themselves somewhat superior to the rest. They wore better clothing; they had been more successful in life than the others; they felt themselves worthy of more honor. They wanted that others should know this fact and respect it. This teacher knew as he looked at them, what their lives must have been. He saw how fond they were of being looked at; he could perceive that whenever they did any kindness, whenever they helped anybody, whenever they did a good deed, they wanted all the rest of the world to know about it and esteem them for it. What do you suppose those persons felt as they heard the words from this new leader? *Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them: When ye do your good deeds let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth.*—This was the sixth saying.

Again, he saw others who were also not quite like the rest. He noticed that they were poor; that they looked hungry and care-worn, that their children about them were ill-clad and half starving. Yet strangely enough he perceived faint signs of ornament about them. There was a gold ring on the finger of one, silver ornaments in the ears of another, a stray piece of fine cloth thrown over the head of a third. Then as he saw them, his glance seemed to pass down the mountain side, while his eye rested on the homes of some of the people who were living in plenty or luxury. Did it cross his mind that it was the very same motives leading these humble half-starved people

to go in actual want, and let their children be without food, in order that they might have these few ornaments,—which led those other people in the cities, to oppress the poor, because those persons also wanted to have a great many of those fine things, and to possess a large quantity of those same luxuries. Then he said: *Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth consume and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures of that other kind which neither moth nor rust doth consume, and which will not tempt thieves to break through and steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.*—This was the seventh saying.

Again he thought of others. He was reading their minds now; he did not stop to glance at their faces. They were by this time listening so intently that there seemed to be but one look upon all their faces; and that was a desire to catch every word he said. He knew how some among that number, when trial or difficulty came upon them, were always seeking to find the reason for it in the way somebody else had treated them. He knew how careless they were in talking about one another. He noticed that they were careful not to *do* a wrong; but he knew how indifferent they were in *saying* what was untrue or wrong. They were so ready to judge everybody but themselves. He felt so deeply how unwilling men were to try first to look into their own hearts and see whether the mistake had not come from themselves, instead of always laying it upon others. This time what Jesus said did not fall on a small number; it dropped upon every soul present who was listening to that sermon: *Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: And with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured*

unto you again. Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, let me cast out the mote in thine eye; and lo the beam is in thine own eye. First cast the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote in thy brother's eye.—That was the eighth saying.

He began to think how common it was for them to take up every new leader that came along; how ready they were to listen, not because such a man might have the truth, but because he was one more new leader. He felt so sad as he thought how often they had been mistaken. How many times they believed they had found the messiah; and behold it was not the messiah! It made him so sorrowful to think that they were not listening from their hearts; that they did not seek to learn what was true, in order that they might be helped to do good; but that they were listening chiefly, because they wanted the promise of better things. And so he turned to them once more and said: *Beware of false teachers who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. By their fruits ye shall know them.*—This was the ninth saying.

At the close he gave them three sayings that seemed to express all that had gone before. The one was a command, the second was a warning, and the third was a promise. He wanted to leave one thought with them which they might use and keep all the rest of their lives. When it had once been said, it seemed so simple, so complete, so beautiful, that it was as though it had been said and written ten thousand years ago. It was this: *Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them.*—That was the tenth saying.

Then he drew near to the end, with a warning: *Enter ye in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that enter in thereby. But narrow is the gate, and strait the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*—That was the eleventh saying.

At last came the twelfth saying: *Every one therefore, which heareth these words of mine and doeth them, shall be likened to a wise man who built his house upon a rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; but it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock. And everyone that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened to a foolish man who built his house upon the sand. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and smote upon that house; and it fell. And great was the fall thereof.*—With this he closed the never-to-be-forgotten "Sermon on the Mount."

THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

"The messiah has come" was the saying which now began to be heard all over Palestine. It went from house to house, from village to village. Everybody was anxious to hear more about it. Men talked of it together while they were at work in the fields; the shepherds asked one another about it as they tended their flocks. When a family would come together at mealtime everybody would speak of it. The children talked about it at their play together

after they had heard it mentioned at breakfast or supper-time; they asked one another as they stopped for a moment in their games, "Who or what is the messiah?"

The people of wealth cared less about it, although a few of them were interested. The men who held offices, those who had power, all the men who were oppressing the people, did not think much of the matter. They were pretty well satisfied with things as they were. But the poor, those who lived in small homes with but little to eat and less to wear; who had to work very hard and received scarcely anything for their labor; who hardly knew where they would find the food for the morrow,—these were the ones who felt the interest; they were so eager to hear of him and learn about him!

Men carried the news from place to place as they went on their journeys. Many of them had heard of the "beatitudes," and had stood on the hill-side to listen to the "Sermon on the Mount." They went back home again to their towns and cities, carrying the news, and told what they had heard and seen. Many doubted, but nearly everybody was excited. They wanted very much to know and see and to listen to this new teacher who had given such a strange idea of the true Kingdom of Heaven.

Jesus now began his work. He had let the people know a little of what he had been thinking about through all those early years of his life when he had been brooding so long in silence, all by himself, there in his home in Galilee. He had really but one message, one idea. All that he wanted to do was to go about everywhere and teach it over and over again in different ways and with different words. But after all, it was the same lesson. Everywhere he taught this new idea about the real Kingdom and the true Prince of Peace.

But now we must take notice of one fact which makes him so unlike other teachers. There have been a large number of people who have always been trying to tell other persons something which they thought they had discovered, and so always wanting to do nothing but talk and preach. It has almost always proved true that such men do not succeed in the long run; because they do not carry home what they have to say to the *hearts* of the people. You can see the reason why. They are only teachers.

This is not the kind of man we are to think of when we speak of Jesus. He did not want simply to be always *teaching* the people something; he wanted to help them in every way he could, because he loved them so much. He felt so sorrowful when he saw them so sorrowful, so unhappy when he saw them unhappy! He wanted somehow to aid them in every way possible, to relieve them from their pain if he could, or else to make it easier for them to bear their burdens. He was even willing and anxious to suffer for them, to take their troubles and carry them on his own shoulders. You see he was not simply a teacher; but he made his own life a beautiful example of his teachings.

For three years, now, he gave himself up to a life of loving-kindness. He had no home and no fixed resting-place. He would travel about from one village to another, from one town to another. Sometimes he would be received cordially and people would hear him with gladness,—and then again others would be angry and disappointed. When they would not listen, all that he did was to rise and go elsewhere. He never seemed to lose his courage; he did not for a moment forget what he had to do. All the time he was overcome by seeing how much the people around him had to suffer and how little life they had; and saddest of all! how much they were given to seeking

relief in the wrong way. During these three years we think of him not so much as a teacher, as what we might call a Brother of Mercy.

I wish it were possible to tell you a great deal about his life and all that he did for other people during those three years. But we do not know nearly as much about it as we should like to know. Do you wonder why? The answer is plain. It was because he took such great care not to put himself forward or to make himself conspicuous in the eyes of others. If he did some act of kindness, he would try to keep other people from hearing about it. Naturally of course he could not always succeed in this desire. Men would talk and tell of what he had done for them, in spite of his appeal to the contrary. There is one saying for example which has come down to us from his lips, and which is striking because so unlike the sayings of other leaders. Once when he had done something very kind and loving for a person who was in trouble, he said to him: *See that no man learn of it.* But the person was so excited and happy over what had been done for him, that he went and told about it at once; and that is how we come to know of this peculiar method pursued by Jesus.

Under these circumstances we are perfectly sure that where people did hear of one act of loving-kindness on his part, there must have been hundreds and thousands of other acts of the same kind, which were never revealed to the world. Hundreds and thousands of people must have obeyed his charge when he said to them: *See that no man learn of it.*

You ask me to describe the kind of life he was living and what he was doing. Alas, that would be impossible. It was all too grand and noble and inspiring for us to put it into words. We seem just to *feel* its worth.

He was all the time going to people who were sick or in trouble. He saw very little of the prosperous side of life. People who were happy seldom came to him, and he rarely had anything to do with them, unless they were happy *children*. But if anybody was sick, he would go to the bedside and say a few words of sympathy, or hold out the hand of brotherliness and fellowship. It is all so sweet and tender and beautiful to think about! When he was sick or in suffering himself, other people would not know about it; he was scarcely conscious of it himself, because he was so much troubled about the sorrows and pains of other people.

Sometimes it seemed as if there were healing in his touch, or medicine in the cool water he might offer to the thirsty lips of the man in sickness. Many persons after being visited by him and having felt that gentle hand, dated their recovery from that very moment. They said he had healed them and made them well. He seemed to have such a power over the minds and hearts of people! He could give them courage when they were despondent; if they appeared to be dying, then at the look of his gentle eyes or at the sound of his beautiful voice, strength would seem to come back to them and they would resolve to live. People could not tell sometimes whether they had been affected by what he said to them or by what he had done to them. They did not always know whether he had done anything at all. But he had been with them; they had felt his presence. He had given them new life, and they had begun to be hopeful or happy once more.

It was always the people in trouble that he was thinking about. He kept yearning over them, longing to help them. He wanted so much to give them

peace in their hearts. He knew how they kept wanting a change on the outside; while he wanted that there should be a change on the inside. He cared so much that they should realize the peace and happiness which would come just from loving-kindness and fellowship with others. He knew that it would be of no avail to try and give them what they first asked for. Yet when they would crowd around him and beg for help, he would puzzle them at first by asking them, as it were, to come closer to him. Perhaps they would be thinking of what he was going to give them. But they would receive something even better as he would stretch out his arms and say to them: *Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me; be ye meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest for your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.*

Do you suppose that he was really thinking about himself when he said those words? No, it was just the contrary. What he wanted them to see, was that a true life of loving-kindness and duty could alone give them peace and rest.

He seemed always to be giving up his own life for others. And yet strangely enough, he did not appear to be gloomy and sorrowful or unhappy in just the same way as the other people. He was enduring all that they endured; he knew the pangs of hunger and thirst, of weariness and cold. He had experienced the hard-heartedness of other men. He had every possible reason to think himself wretched, and to show the signs of wretchedness in his face. He was abused where he tried to be kind and gentle. He was despised where he sought to be loving and helpful. Just where he would do the most good might be where he would receive the least sympathy or appreciation. And yet he wore such a look of calm sweetness,

heroic strength and noble serenity, wherever he went! At one time I fancy somebody must have asked him why it was that he did not take more care about himself; for we hear of a saying which he let drop on one occasion in his life, and which through all the centuries has never been forgotten. It must have been in answer to such a question, that he said: *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*

It almost makes us feel as if he saw but one side of life, that of sorrow and affliction. This is not true; because we know that he had a great deal to do with children; and all children have at least some joy as well as sorrow. Yet he lived so much with people in trouble, that a phrase has come down to us as describing the class of persons whom he was especially seeking to help. The words have been always used since those days, as descriptive of people in misfortune. We all know the expression: *the lame, the halt and the blind.* It was to this class of persons that he devoted so much of his life. They were the people who always wanted to be relieved and made happy. He actually preferred to be with such persons, than to go and live with men who were prosperous and contented. The blind people loved him and sought his companionship. At first, such persons always thought they would be set free of their trouble. Sometimes, as we have said, the sick man did actually feel that he had been made well through the touch or voice of Jesus. But on the other hand some of them began to see that he had also another class in mind. It actually dawned on them that there were people who were lame or halt or blind *in the heart.* And as they would beg him for help, Jesus would perhaps reply in gentle tones, half hopeful and half sad, speaking perhaps to the blind: *Light is come into the world; but men have loved darkness rather than light because their deeds*

are evil; every one that doeth evil hateth the light, lest his deeds be reproved; but he that doeth good loveth the light. Behold the kingdom of heaven is within you.

This is what he would be saying to the people, at the same time that he would be trying to help them in their troubles. Many a time as he sat by the cot of a sick person he must have given one of those strange answers which perplexed the people at first, but which afterwards came to have such deep, beautiful meaning. Possibly they did not always at first appreciate what he said to them. Yet it would come back afterwards when he was gone. They had been thinking only of getting well. He too had been thinking of the same thing, only he wanted that they should also get well down in the heart; he wanted that they should be rid of their blindness of mind as well as the blindness of their eyes. How strangely it must have sounded to them as he would say to the people in trouble who stood around him: *Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, he will open the door; and I will come in and sup with him and he with me. Remember, the kingdom of heaven is within you.*

Hundreds of thousands of persons may have heard those words. Few at first would understand them. Yet afterwards when he was gone they remembered what he had said. And then it all began to have such a new meaning to them! They did not think so much about what he was saying, at the time he said it. They would be all the time asking for help, and he would be trying to help them and always doing something for them. But now and then these beautiful sayings would fall from his lips and afterwards be treasured as pearls of priceless wisdom. He made people remember what he said, because he first tried to help them in their troubles, because he was giving

up his own life just in order to make them happy. They began to believe in him not so much because of what he said, but because of the kind of a man he was and because of the kind of life he was leading.

Wherever he went, whether to the country or the city, whether in town or village or fisherman's hut by the lakeside, he was always thinking how to do something for the persons he came in contact with. He was ever trying to help them in their troubles. And yet at the very same time he would be saying to them: *Life is more than meat and body than raiment. What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and get nothing for his soul?*

What wonder, indeed, that people began to talk about him and went on talking about him more and more. Was it strange that the belief went abroad about him over the land that he had a power such as was possessed by no other person? We are told that as he came near a city, anxious fathers came out to meet him that he might go and see their sick children. Men and women who had been ill for years, left their homes, went out through the gate, eager to feel the touch of his hand or hear the soothing tones of his voice. Friends brought their dying companions on cots all the way through the heart of the city out on the road, with the hope that life and health might be brought back just from the look of Jesus.

People who were in trouble of mind over something painful which had happened to them, would also hurry to meet him, seeking consolation. Whatever trials men experienced, they carried them to him and unburdened their hearts to him as if talking to themselves. He listened; he said little. And yet somehow they went away relieved.

There was such a wonderful power in his face and manner. All his influence seemed to come from his mind or heart. He was so calm and peaceful about events which alarmed ordinary people. He seemed so at rest in himself, while he was so disturbed over what was happening to other men and women. And so he was able to give something of this calm and peace to those who were about him. It affected them in the strangest sort of a way.

One time for example he was out in the night with the twelve disciples on the sea. He was very tired and was lying asleep in the stern of the vessel, when there arose a terrible storm. The disciples waited for a long while, not liking to waken him from his slumber. But at last they lost their courage; they thought there was no longer any hope; they were sure they would be drowned. And so they ran to Jesus, roused him from his slumber and cried out to him: "Save us or we perish." Jesus looked up; he heard the howling of the wind, the tossing of the waves, the roar of the storm. But he did not move. He only answered: *Peace, be still*. And do you know what happened? Why the fear all went out of the hearts of the disciples at that very minute. They were no longer anxious or excited as before. At once they felt that all would come out well. Years afterwards they said that it seemed to them at that instant as if the storm itself had subsided and the sea become calm. Yet I think what had really become calm was their troubled minds, which felt at the instant the great calm of the mind of Jesus when he said to them: *Peace, be still*.

And now do you still further begin to understand what it meant for him during those years to have been a Brother of Mercy? It did not imply ease and comfort; it did not mean friends and home. He had but one motive and that was the sympathy he felt for

the suffering. When they asked him where he lived, or when others told of their homes, Jesus could only say for himself, *The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man has not whereon to lay his head.* Yet I doubt not, through all these months, many a lowly family at the end of the day opened its doors wide to receive him, and gave him, or tried to give him, the best that they had to offer.

He did not care much for ordinary things like food and drink, he was so anxious just to get men and women to care for the true kingdom of heaven. We hear how at one time as he and his friends went on their way, they entered into a certain village where a woman named Martha received them into her house. She had a sister called Mary, who, we are told, "sat at his feet and heard what he had to say." And Martha, who was trying to make a large display of hospitality, was troubled about it and came up to him and said: "Dost thou not care that my sister should leave me to serve alone; bid her therefore that she help me." But he answered and said to her: *Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful. Mary has chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from her.* It was not that he meant to rebuke her for her kindness; it was only that he wished to remind her that she was thinking too much about the less important things. You will always hear a good deal about the two sisters *Martha and Mary.*

There is one story which I care for, more than any other, as showing what it meant to be this Brother of Mercy. Among his disciples who traveled with him, the twelve about whom we have spoken, there arose a dispute as to which should be foremost, or which had the right to be called leader. When Jesus heard this, he said to them: "Ye know that the rulers in the

world lord it over the people, and their leaders exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you: But whosoever is great among you shall become your minister, and whosoever is first among you shall be your servant, even as I, the son of man, came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give my life as a ransom for many. *He that is greatest among you shall be your servant. Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled, and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted.*" Then, as though to make the lesson more clear and never-to-be-forgotten, he gathered all the twelve disciples in a circle around him, and taking a little child he set him in the midst of them, saying as he did so: *Who then is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? Verily I say unto you that unless you become as little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

This was, indeed, a new idea as to the Prince of the House of David, and as to the Kingdom of the New Messiah.

THE TEACHER OF PARABLES.

The charm in this wonderful life is, that he was always doing something, ever trying to carry other people's burdens, make life easier for them,—and at the same time having them feel that in doing so he found pleasure in it, that in fact in this way he was living in the kingdom of heaven all the time.

He did at times go a little further. Now and then he would talk for an hour to the people who gathered

around him. But more often, instead of doing it in the way most persons would have done, by telling them their mistakes, blaming them, finding fault with their carelessness; he had a curious way of just telling them a story. It would be of a kind that we could not say was quite true of *any one person*. But on the other hand we could say that it would be true of a great many persons, or of every person. It is the kind of teaching we know as Parables.

As Jesus went about among the people, walking with the blind, helping the lame, visiting the sick and the afflicted, giving cheer and help to the poor and suffering, we can fancy how he must have been thinking all the time. He would come to learn so much about his fellow-men. As they talked to him and told him of their troubles, he would see into their hearts. What wonder that he should have understood men and women so well! What a world of experience he must have had!

Children would crowd around him and pour out their feelings. He would listen to them; but at the same time he would be thinking, always thinking. At evening time as he sat by the fireside with some family to whom he had gone for rest at night, he would hear them talk of their woes, and of the sufferings of the people. But he would not say much himself. They would merely have a sense as though at least they had in him a *friend*. But as he sat there he would still be thinking, always thinking.

At times they would beg him to speak, and ask him to tell them more at length what he thought and felt. Now and then a wave of pity would overcome him and he would talk to them for awhile. Rarely, however, would he say in his own words the exact thought on his mind. That would be too much like trying to make them think as he did. He liked better, as we

have said, this other method of giving voice to his thought in a story or parable.

Perhaps he might have been out in the country, at work for days or weeks, among the care-worn people of that neighborhood, until they all knew him, and were coming in crowds to meet him. Then at last he would yield to their wishes and talk. They would follow him to the shore of the lake. He would push out a little from the shore, and stand in a boat there on the water's edge looking out over the crowd, watching their faces, looking into their hearts. Then he would begin to speak and tell those simple tales which we now think of as the wonderful parables of Jesus.

The subject of all these stories was the meaning of the true kingdom of heaven. Perhaps it would be his desire to show what importance this subject ought to be to a person, and to point out at the same time how careless men were in thinking about it. He knew that men would so often judge of a thing by its first appearance, or by how large it would look. He felt that they were not quick to see the worth of something which might be very small in size and yet have great influence. People were so ready to take the size of anything as the measure of its worth. He was not willing to give in to that feeling. They would like to have had him do great wonders in order to prove that he was right; they wanted that he should startle the world, then they would accept his teaching. But no; he always said no, that was not to be his way.

He looked out before him on the fields; he saw the flowers growing on the hill-side; he saw the trees below in the valley. Then it came to his mind to ask what it was that made one of those trees of one kind, another of another kind,—but each after its kind.

It flashed on him, yes, it was the little seed which one holds in one's hand. In that small object lay the power which made one tree become an elm, and another an oak, or an olive. So it was that the seed of goodness might work and grow in the human heart. As that picture came to him he turned to them and said: *The kingdom of heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field: which indeed is less than all seeds: but when it is grown it is greater than the herbs, and becometh a tree so that the birds of heaven come down and lodge in the branches thereof.*

But this was not quite enough. He had seen how one little act of a person might influence his whole character or his whole life. Then it came into his mind how true this was, even about the common every-day events of the household. A little thing counted for so much! He thought how the bread was made for the day. He had oftentimes seen how much might depend on some little thing which had been left out or put in. They all knew that a very little change would make the bread which was their daily food, no longer pleasant to the taste.

And so he added again: *The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till it was all leavened.*

More than that, he wanted, if he could, to show them what was the real value of that other kind of feeling, which men were to have in the true kingdom of heaven. Perhaps people thought that they could have this feeling too, that they could enjoy all that might come from the new life, and still have all the bad pleasures besides, have in fact what they could get both from evil as well as good. Perhaps they thought having the kingdom of heaven in the heart was just one of many experiences. He wanted, if he could, to

change their thoughts in that regard. They were to understand that if they wanted that other kingdom, they would need to care for it with all their minds, be willing to sacrifice everything in the world just to have this more than anything else. And so to explain this fact he gave two more parables.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in a field, which a man found; and in his joy he goeth and selleth all he hath in order to own that field.—This was the parable of the “Hid Treasure.” Then followed another: *Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a merchant seeking goodly pearls; and having found one pearl of great price he went and sold all that he had, and bought it.*—This was the parable of the “Pearl of Great Price.”

Then there was another experience that he wanted to explain. He had now been working among the people for weeks and months. They were so slow to catch his meaning. There were so many other things on their minds. They were not trying quite hard enough to find out what was good and true. Was there a way by which he could bring this home to them? Might he make them understand that if they ever hoped for better feelings; if they ever cared to have a better spirit, to learn what was truly good, then they must search for it with hearts and minds wide open to receive it. They must *try* to understand.

And as he was thinking of this he looked out, and possibly he could see the workmen in the field at springtime sowing the seed. It came to him then that he could perhaps in this form tell them a story. And so he began again: *Behold a sower went forth*

to sow; and as he sowed, some seeds fell by the way-side, and the birds came and devoured them. Others fell upon the rocky places, where they had not much earth; and straightway they sprang up; but when the sun was risen they were scorched, and because they had no root they withered away. And others fell among thorns; and the thorns grew up and choked them. Others fell upon good ground, and yielded fruit, some a hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty.

He had talked with many of the people; he had seen how they wanted better things, and still how they wished also to keep their bad feelings. They would like to have other people trust them; but still in their hearts go on cherishing their own hatred and being bad toward others. It was so hard for them to understand that if they were not true in spirit to others, they could not expect others to be true in spirit to them. He knew how slow men were to forgive when they were angry. Even when they might appear to be reconciled, they still nourished the hard feelings in themselves. In some way he must make them see that mistake. He knew their daily life; he knew that many of them were in debt, owing sums of money to others, and how hard it was for them to pay. And so again he began a parable:—

“There was a certain rich man who had a great many people to work for him on his estate. There were carpenters, blacksmiths, mechanics, laborers of every kind in the field and in the house. Now, at the end of the season this man wished to have a reckoning with his servants. He called them up before him one after another, to pay their wages, or receive from them anything which they might owe him. And there was one of that number who owed him ten talents, but had nothing with which to pay the debt. At first the employer was angry and desired to have the man

punished. The laborer fell down before him in despair, and begged him, saying: 'Have patience with me, give me a little more time and I will pay thee all!' The appeal of the laborer touched the heart of the master; he was not only granted time for delay, but even released from the debt. But that laborer then went out and found one of his fellow-laborers who owed him a hundred pence. And he laid hold of him and took him by the throat, saying: 'Pay me what thou owest.' His fellow laborer fell down before him and besought him, saying: 'Have patience with me and I will pay thee all!' And he would not grant the request, but went and had him cast into prison until the man could pay his debt. When, therefore, his fellow servants learned what he had done, they were very sorry and felt obliged to report it to the employer. Then the master called the laborer to him and said: 'Thou wicked man, I had mercy on thee and granted thy request; still more, I even released thee from thy debt. Shouldst thou not also have had mercy on thy fellow laborer even as I had mercy upon thee?' So the man was carried away to be cast into prison."

He had also noticed the desire among many of the poor to always have better fortune. He saw how ready they were to complain of their ill lot, to say that they could do nothing because they were so badly off. They would keep thinking that they had no means to help themselves. He had noticed how people had wasted all their lives just in this way, finding fault with every thing because they were not as well off to do their work as other people. He had seen how in that way many of them had actually thrown away chances which at first they possessed;

and when they had wasted them, would say they really had never had any chances at all. And so he told them the Parable of "The Talents."

"There was a certain father who had three sons. He was anxious to discover what his children could do, or in how far he could trust them and feel sure that they would perform whatever tasks might be given them. He wanted to learn the real feelings of their hearts, to find out whether they were ready and determined to do always the best they could. When he should be able to know this quite plainly, then he could decide what he would do for them in the future. He makes up his mind that he will go away and leave them for a time. They would be by themselves and have no one to observe them; and in that way would show what they could do. And so he calls them together and allots to each one a little something which will help him in his labor during the absence of their father. He knows to some extent what each can do, and to each therefore he gives something. To one he gives five talents; to another two; to another one. He tells them to make use of what he has given them, so that when he comes back he can receive both what he has given them and also something which they may have earned by means of this gift. The father then went away on a long journey and was gone for several years. And yet though he was far away he kept thinking all the time, every day and hour, about his sons, wondering what they would do, anxious lest they might not be striving faithfully to do the best with what they had. At last when he could wait no longer, he returned once more to his home and called his sons together. He looked into their faces; and before they spoke he had received his answer, and learned just what he desired to know. Then the one who had received the five talents addresses him saying:

'Father, here is what you gave me. I have labored hard and worked the best I knew how. You allotted me five talents, I render you now ten talents.' The father then turns to him and they join hands as he says: 'Well done, thou good and faithful son; thou hast been true and labored well with a very little. From this time on thou shalt have a great deal. *He that is faithful in that which is little, is faithful also in that which is much.*'

"Then the second son addressed him and said: 'Father, you allotted to me two talents. I have striven hard and sought to do my best with what you gave me. Here now are four talents.' Then the father turned to him and they join hands as he says: 'Well done, thou good and faithful son; thou hast been true and labored well with a very little. From this time on thou shalt have a great deal. *He that is faithful in that which is little, is faithful also in that which is much.*'

"Then came the third son. He did not have to speak. What he had to tell was written on his face. But he said: 'Father, you gave me one talent. That was not enough. Why did you not assign to me as much as to the others? This small gift was nothing. If I had tried to labor and make more with it, I could not have done anything; and if I could, I would not have cared to do so, it was so little. When you went away I took the talent, put it in a napkin, went and digged in the earth and hid it away. If you want what you gave me, go there and you will find it.' The father's face for a moment grew dark and gloomy with anger. But then it changed to sorrow and pain. He had found out the heart of his boy; he would rather never have known it. He turned away to hide his feelings as he addressed his child. 'My son,' he said, 'you had the one talent, why did you not use that, and so have earned another? It was not re-

quired of you that you should render as much as the one who received five talents. But why have you nothing to render at all? Had you been true and faithful with this, when I returned you might have received more.' Then he turned and gave directions, saying: 'Go and find the one talent which he hath hid, and give it to him that hath the ten talents; *for to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. He who was not faithful with little could not also be faithful with much.*' "

Jesus knew how people thought so carelessly of the life of just one person. They would hear of a man who had been hurt or been killed; they were told of such events every day. And so they did not think much about it. It was after all just one person, and what was one man out of a million? We hear of something sad or terrible that has happened to a person in another city or another country. We do not think much about it. It was only one man. Then too, we often say, it was only a very ordinary person, a poor man, someone of no account.

When Jesus thought of this he was led to tell them the story of the "Lost Sheep."

"There was a shepherd who had a hundred sheep. But one morning when he looked at his flock there was one sheep which was gone. At once he goes out in search. He leaves the ninety and nine by themselves in safety; he travels through the wilderness, goes without food or drink; endures heat and cold. He searches on one hill-side after another; he goes into the desolate places where there was neither food nor water; he looks down over the precipices to see whether it might have fallen below. Day after day he

searches. Whenever he met any one he would inquire. But they answered, 'No, you cannot find it; and what after all does it matter, it is only one sheep!' But he went on and would not give it up. He never despaired; he was determined to bring back the lost one to the fold. It must always have seemed to him as though that single one was more precious than the whole ninety and nine. Finally one morning he hears a solitary bleat among the rocks; he follows it, listening intently, until at last he comes upon the sheep which had strayed away that long distance and did not know where it was. He takes it in his arms, travels back again, and when he is once more at home restores it to the flock. Then he goes around to his friends and neighbors exclaiming to them: 'Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost.' They thought it a little strange. Why had he given so much pains, taken so much effort in so small a matter; surely it had not been worth the labor. But to every one he had the same reply: '*Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost.*'

Along with this story I think of two other beautiful sayings of Jesus. Once he said to his disciples: *Behold the very hairs of your head are all numbered.* At another time he said to the people: *Not a sparrow falleth to the ground as if it were no account.*

There was still another thought which he desired to bring home to them. He had given them at one time a saying which they had not quite understood. They had asked him what one should do to inherit the kingdom of heaven. He had answered: *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.* Now they wished to know who was their neighbor? Did it mean the person who

lived next door to them? Was it the man who lived in the same city? Whom must they love as themselves, if they wished to inherit that kingdom? Again he gives them an answer by one of these parables:

You will only understand it if you know that there was a certain class of men in that country who were very much looked down upon. They were called "Samaritans." The people felt that these persons did not know what was good and true. On the other hand the one class of persons whom they did look up to were called the "Levites." Whatever the latter persons did, people thought must always be right.

Who then is my neighbor? was the question. The answer was given as follows:—

"There was a certain man who was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. It was a lonely road and there were no other travelers. While he was on his way all by himself, suddenly he was attacked by robbers, who stripped him and beat him and departed leaving him half dead. Now it so happened that a Levite, one of that class so much esteemed by the people, came along and saw the man lying there. What do you suppose he did? *He passed by on the other side.* But, one of the class so much looked down upon by the people, a certain Samaritan, as he traveled, came where he was. When he saw the man, he was moved with pity and came up to him at once. He knelt down by the side of the wounded man, spoke to him, asked him what he could do for him. Then he helped the stricken person to rise, led him forward, put him on his own horse and walked by his side a long distance till they came to an inn. Then the Samaritan helped the wounded man down, took him by the arm, supported him into the house and had everything done for him that was necessary. When on the next day he had to leave, he took out money,

gave it to the host and said: "Take care of him; and whatever you need, spend for him and when I come back, I will pay you.'"

Jesus turns then to the people and asks them, which one of those men was the true neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And they said "He that showed mercy to him." Then Jesus answered: Let us go and do likewise. Who is our neighbor? All men are our neighbors. We are to love all men even as we love ourselves. *A new commandment I have given you; that ye love one another.*

At one time he told them a story which was to show the whole life of a man who had gone in the wrong way. No doubt he had found many such persons. He had met with young men who had left their homes and given themselves up to bad ways; men who cared no more for their former friends, their fathers or their mothers. His heart was full of pity for them, because he knew what a mistake they had made, and how much they had lost by taking that course. He had longed so much to bring them back again, to save them and restore them to the true and better path. And so he tells the wonderful story of the "Prodigal Son."

"A certain man had two sons. And the younger of them said to his father: 'Give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me.' And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all he had, there arose a great famine in the country;

and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country, who sent him into the field to feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. But when he came to himself he said, 'How many hired servants of my father have bread enough to spare, and I perish with hunger. I will rise and go to my father; and I will say unto him, Father, I have sinned and done evil in thy sight, and I am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.' And he arose and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said to him: 'Father, I have sinned in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy son.' But the father said to his servants: 'Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet; and bring the fatted calf and kill it; let us eat and be merry, for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.' And they began to be merry.

"Now his elder son was in the field. And as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants and inquired what these things might be. And the answer was, 'Thy brother hath come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.' But he was angry and would not go in. And his father came out and entreated him. But he answered, and said to his father, 'Lo, these many years do I serve thee. I have never transgressed a commandment of thine; and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends. But when this thy son came, who has devoured thy living with bad people, thou killedst for

him the fatted calf.' And the father said: 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: *For this thy brother was dead and is alive again; was lost and is found.*' "

THE VISIT TO HIS HOME.

Jesus had now been going about the country for a long while, teaching people about the *kingdom of heaven in the heart*, at the same time being everywhere the Brother of Mercy. He looked a good deal older than he did a year or two before, when he had started out from his home in Nazareth. It seemed to him as if it were years and years since he had been there. It had been so much easier to be a carpenter among the people and to spend his evenings in quiet thought on the hill-side. But now for a long time he had had no home and no place of rest. There were people who actually disliked him or hated him. There were some who had abused him, called him names, thrown stones at him. A few of those to whom he had been the most kind, had laughed at him and his teachings. The people still kept dreaming about their kind of a kingdom, when they would have plenty and prosperity everywhere.

I wonder whether Jesus in those times did not often think about his home and the people there, whom he had known so well. Did he fancy how pleasant it would be to go back there and meet everybody again

and feel happy in their company? He had loved them all so much!

At last in the course of his wanderings from town to town once more he came near to his old home. He made up his mind that he would go back there, see the dear ones whom he had cared for so much, grasp the hands of the people with whom he had grown up, and tell them also of his idea about the true Kingdom of Heaven. It seemed to him as the one last great joy in his life. He wanted again to meet people who really loved him.

And so he goes back to the beautiful town by the Sea of Galilee where he had lived as a child and grown up into youth and early manhood.

Did they welcome him with open arms? Did they come out to listen to him and hear what he had to say about his new teaching? No, it all went exactly the other way. Some of them were jealous of him. Others said that he was just an ordinary man like themselves, "only the carpenter's son." They gave him no sympathy. They almost drove him from the place. His father and mother could not help him. They had to endure it. It all seemed so awfully sad!

When Jesus came to go away, he made only one remark. But it meant so much that people have spoken of it again and again, and it is looked upon as one of the great sayings of Jesus. He only added in a tone of sorrow to his disciples, *A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kindred.* I think this was the turning point in the life of Jesus. He knew now what was going to happen to him. It was plain to him at last, that he would have to be put to death. He knew that he would become a martyr. He would be obliged to give up his life for the sake of his cause. He

knew this, when he said, *A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kindred.*

JESUS AS A JUDGE.

We have said that Jesus was a silent man, that he did most of his work by his life, rather than by his teaching. We have told you that even when he sought to reach the people by his words, his method was gentle and loving, always with an effort to make them *feel* their mistakes, rather than by finding fault with them. But he would sometimes meet people who would not listen or attend, who seemed to have no care for better things.

There were two classes of such persons. On the one hand he would meet people who had been leading bad lives, sunk down low in wickedness. It almost seemed as though there was nothing good left in them. At first he did not like to go near them,—there is something so black and ugly in evil. Yet as he talked with such persons he would discover that sometimes hidden away in their hearts was lurking a sense of shame or regret for what they were doing.

When Jesus met that feeling, although at first he blamed them in his heart to think that they would sink so low and give no heed to that sense of shame, by and by there would come over him a feeling of pity and a longing to save them. He had no desire to lessen the picture of what they were; he knew they were loathsome and he said so; but even when saying it, there would be something in his voice so full of tenderness and sympathy, that sometimes those per-

sons in spite of themselves would crowd around him, beg for help and want to become better men and women. He longed to save them. There were some such persons who were brought back to a higher life, and who did again become true and good, although perhaps they never quite lost the stain from the evil which they had been guilty of.

I think of the story which is told about him at one time when he was staying in one of the larger towns of Palestine. The people had seized a wicked person who had been doing something altogether bad. It was a woman. They brought her to Jesus and asked him what should be done to her. Jesus looked at them and said: "What do you think should be done?" They answered: "She should be stoned to death." Jesus said to them then: *He that is without evil among you, let him cast the first stone.* One by one they dropped away in silence. They had nothing to say. Jesus then turned to the woman and said: *Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.*

But there was another class of bad people. They were the only persons in the world for whom he seemed to have had almost no sense of pity. Once and perhaps once only, in all those months and years of life and teaching, he gave way to his sense of indignation. The tenderness went out of his face for a moment; his look was hard and cold. The silent teacher of love and mercy became the awful Judge. You know perhaps to whom at that moment he addressed himself. They were the class of men usually known as the Pharisees. Jesus in the few words he spoke to them gave the meaning we often hear to the word "Phariseism."

It would be hard perhaps to tell you just what those persons were. In the first place they were men high in the esteem of the world; almost everybody treated them with respect, looked to them as leaders, listened to them as teachers. When these persons went by, other people would take off their hats and bow low with respect; if such men came into a room, everybody would rise and give them the chief place. But there must have been something wrong about them, in spite of the way the people looked up to them. They were fond of all kinds of forms; they always insisted on doing things in a certain particular way. They did not ask so much what a man's feeling was, down in his heart. What they always thought of was the way one acts on the outside. They were so very careful to obey all those outside customs. If a man tried to carry out these forms, to say just the right thing at a certain place, to make just the correct form of bow, to fold his hands always at certain times,—that was enough to satisfy the Pharisees. The very same man who did all this, might be cold and hard in his dealings with other people; he might show no pity or mercy; he might have no love; he could be even cruel to the members of his own family;—all this would not matter, if only he obeyed the forms correctly and went through all the ceremonies.

You can see what this would lead to. If such a man could look back at the end of the day and see how he had carefully obeyed the rules and done what the law and custom commanded, he would feel that he was all right and need do nothing more. The whole outcome of it would be to encourage pride or self-righteousness.

At first Jesus undertook simply to warn his listeners away from such persons. He tried the more gentle way of telling a story or a parable. We know it as the tale of the "Pharisee and the Publican."

He says that two men were thinking over their conduct when each was alone by himself. One of them was a Pharisee, belonging to the class whom the people looked up to as great and noble men, worthy of all esteem, because they were so careful in being true to customs and ceremonies. The other was a man of evil conduct as well as evil heart; he had done wrong in life, been unjust to others, and had not loved his fellowmen. We hear of him as the "Publican." Jesus merely tells us what these two men were saying over to themselves in their hearts at the end of the day.

The Pharisee is saying to himself, "How pleasant it is to think that I am not like other men, extortioners, unjust, or even as that Publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess. I have done everything according to the law and custom. I am looked up to and honored. No man can say of me that I am not good and righteous; I stand upright and justified before all the world." All this was passing in the mind of the Pharisee. The other man is known as the Publican. He too was going over the events of the day. Something unusual had touched him. We do not know what it was. But another feeling had come into his heart; old memories awoke, all his past came up before him, one act after another, each darker than the one before. He thought of the men whom he had wronged, the sorrow he had caused, the stain of evil on his own life and soul. There, alone, he broke down. With bowed head and tears streaming from his eyes he smote his breast exclaiming, "Mercy, mercy for me a wicked man."

This was the parable. Then what do you think Jesus said? He had no wish to soften the wickedness done by the one, while he had no pity for the self-righteousness of the other. Nevertheless he adds, *I say unto you, that sinful man was better in his*

heart than the Pharisee. For every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

Yet the people did not altogether understand him. Still they listened and looked up to the pharisees; still they somehow felt that being good consisted chiefly, if not entirely, in going through certain forms or attending to certain customs. At last as Jesus was drawing toward the close of his life, he poured forth that series of woes upon self-righteous phariseism. It is something awful to read them.

Woe unto you, pharisees, hypocrites. Ye say, but ye do not. Yea, ye bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne and lay them on men's shoulders; but ye yourselves will not move them with one of your fingers.

That was severe, that was hard; but it was not the worst. He had still greater charges against them than even that one of base, cold selfishness.

"Woe unto you, pharisees, hypocrites; for you do all your works to be seen of men. You wear fine garments and love the chief place at the feasts, and salutations from the people, and to be called of men 'master.'" Then Jesus turns to his own friends with a voice of warning and says: "Remember, be not ye called master. All ye are friends and brethren. *He that is greatest among you will be your servant.*"

Then came a third charge. These men were not only selfish and proud, but they wanted to make other people just like themselves. They would not let men think and judge and find a better way of life; it was their desire to have only one kind of goodness and that was to be of the style of these proud pharisees.

Again, therefore, Jesus exclaims: *Woe unto you, pharisees, hypocrites; because ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men. Ye enter not in yourselves,*

neither suffer ye other men to enter. Ye compass sea and land to find one follower, to make one more man like yourselves. But when he has become so, ye have made him two-fold more a son of evil than yourselves.

And yet this too was not all. They were proud, vain, selfish; but worse still, they had no human love. All their goodness was sham, make-believe, put on for show. In their hearts they were cruel and unfeeling. They had obeyed the law, fulfilled the forms; but they had not helped other men in suffering, been kind to other men in trouble, nor had they sought themselves to be pure in heart.

Again therefore he exclaims: "Woe unto you, pharisees, hypocrites, for ye attend to the little things of custom, but have left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy. *These ought ye to have done while not leaving the others undone: Woe unto you, pharisees, hypocrites, for ye cleanse the outside of the cup and the platter, but within ye are full of uncleanness. Thou blind pharisee, cleanse first the inside of the cup and the platter, that the outside may become clean also.*"

Jesus then wanted a form of speech which would not be forgotten. He thought of the walks outside of the city where were the tombs of the dead, the beautiful resting-places of their forefathers. As that comes to his mind he exclaims: *Woe unto you, pharisees and hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are filled with dead men's bones and with all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but inwardly ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.*

He thought again of that greatest mistake, the crime of self-righteousness; that feeling which some men had, as though *they* only were good, as though

they only could know when other people were good, as though if they had lived when true and great teachers appeared, they would have been the first to know and welcome them. Jesus knew perfectly well what they meant. He understood that the only class of persons whom *they* would welcome as true and great teachers, would have been men like themselves. He knew that there was no mind so cold, no man so slow to accept the truth, no persons so unable to see good in others, as the men who felt that they only were good and that they only had the truth.

And so once more he exclaims: "Woe unto you, pharisees, hypocrites; for ye build the sepulchers of the great teachers in the past; ye garnish their tombs; and ye say, 'If we had lived in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers in refusing to listen, persecuting such men; we would have been the first to hear and to understand.' Be ye witnesses to yourselves that ye are the sons of them who slew those teachers. Fill ye up then the measure of your wickedness. Ye serpents, ye offspring of vipers, upon you shall come the blame for all the righteous blood shed on earth."

And yet this was not quite the last word of Jesus, in that list of judgments. At the close of it all, his tenderness comes back to him. He breaks down in sorrow; he gives way to despair, as he exclaims: "*Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killeth the prophets and stoneth them that are sent unto you. How often would I have gathered your children together even as the hen gathereth the chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate.*"

There is no sadder cry in all the books ever written than this one outburst of sorrow over fallen and evil men, as it comes at that moment from the lips of Jesus.

We have, however, one more picture of Jesus as the Judge. It is in a different form. It may have been given as a parable. And so I will tell it to you in that way.

While he took care not to be harsh in his language; while he always sought to make men feel that even if they had been bad and fallen low, there was a chance for them to become better; he took great care that men should understand that there was an awful punishment connected with wrong. Judgment of some kind always came. It might not be of the kind which men would at first expect; but still it was always true that whoever was guilty of an evil act, was sure to lose something by so doing. *Somehow* the man would have reason to be sorry for it.

He gives them a picture in what may be called the parable of the Day of Judgment.

"The King of all the Nations gathered the people together from the four quarters of the earth. Around him in the great court stood his assistants, while he sat on a throne of glory. Every man and woman and child had to come up and be judged. It was to be decided whether they were good or bad, whether they had lived in the true or the evil way. You can fancy that there was great excitement. No one quite knew what was coming; no man at that hour turned to look at his neighbor; each person was thinking of himself. Some were sure of what would be said to them; they were so conscious that they had been wrong. Others who had striven to be true and faithful, felt how far they were from what they ought to be; they too were as humble and hopeless as the most wicked. Only the self-righteous class, the people who had not studied themselves, who felt that they were right and were sure of being accepted,—these had no anxiety.

"The King of the Nations rises before them. With his arms upraised he sends out his assistants and counselors to divide the people. They are separated into two classes. But as each man stands there, he does not know to what group he belongs, until the monarch in a gentle voice turns to the class on the right and with words of sweetness that could be heard by the vast throng, began to say: 'Come ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was hungry and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: Naked and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me.'

"Then all the multitude on the right hand turned to him and said aloud: 'When saw we thee hungry and fed thee, or athirst and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in, or naked and clothed thee? When saw we thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee?' Then the King answered and said unto them: *Verily I say unto you that inasmuch as ye did it unto one of your fellowmen, ye did it unto me.*

"And then the King turned to the multitude on the left, who had been waiting in terror, because those words of acceptance had not fallen upon them. Again he lifts his arm. But as his eye falls on them it drops to the ground; he draws his mantle over his head and shuts out everything from his sight. They hear him say: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, to the kingdom of evil, which has been prepared for you. For I was hungry and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in; sick and in prison and ye visited me not.'

"Then what do you suppose those people said? Were they sorrowful and penitent; did they grieve and tremble? No, they turned to the King in their self-righteousness and said, 'When saw we thee hungry and athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick or in prison and did not minister unto thee?'

"The King turned to them again with his mantle thrown over his face; and with the same voice he said to them: *Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of your fellowmen, ye did it not unto me. You must go away to the kingdom of darkness which is your portion. But the others shall possess the kingdom of heaven.*"

BEAUTIFUL AND STRIKING THOUGHTS OF JESUS.

Jesus seldom talked for a long while at any one time. He seemed to have a way of throwing out beautiful thoughts or sayings now and then, just as they would come to his mind. Many of them are well known to everybody. We hear them again and again in a great many ways. They mean a great deal more than you would think at first. As you go on in life you will see how they come back to you and seem to agree with your experience. But it would not be easy to understand them at all, unless we explained the meaning of the language a little, or described the styles and customs of the people.

They did not have glass bottles in Palestine in those days, the same as we have them now. They had a curious custom of using the skins of animals for bottles, made, I suppose, in the shape of bags. Wine was kept in these skins. This fact explains one of the sayings of Jesus, which is so well known and which

seems to be so true a lesson in a great deal of the work we have to do in our daily life. At one time as he saw the men coming by, carrying those strange looking jars full of wine, he said with deep meaning to his disciples:—

No man putteth new wine into old bottles; else the new wine will burst the bottles, and be spilled, and the bottles shall perish.

But new wine must be put into new bottles; and so both are preserved.

Again: It was the custom of the people to be very strict about keeping the seventh day of the week as a day of rest, calling it the Sabbath. It has been a beautiful old custom to set apart one day in the week for such a purpose. But instead of thinking of the reason for doing this, they thought about only what we call the "letter of the law." They actually would not do an act of kindness to a sick person, if it was asked for on the Sabbath day. They wanted to keep the form rather than the spirit of the law. The people of those days seemed to care a great deal about forms, and yet, at the same time did not become better in their lives. They were satisfied to do all the little things prescribed for them on the outside. Jesus at one time, thinking of such persons and their mistaken ideas about the day of rest, said to them: *The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.*

It was along just the same line of thought that he was led to another striking saying. It means so much that I cannot begin to explain it to you now. People were given so much to living on the surface and caring always for what was on the outside, and not thinking of the spirit which was in themselves and how everything good started there! And so one day Jesus said unto the people: *It is the spirit that quickeneth,—the flesh profiteth nothing.*

Perhaps the most beautiful of the sayings explaining that idea about caring for what is on the inside, or, about striving to have pure feelings and right thoughts, rather than appearing right just in the eyes of men, was the one where he spoke about goodness and virtue being *in the heart*. He wanted to get people away from judging from the outside and always being afraid of what people would think of them. It was the same old truth about the Kingdom of Heaven. He told them to look inside of themselves, and to care to make themselves pure and right before their own conscience. So he said: *A good man out of the good treasures of his heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasures of the heart bringeth forth evil things. Out of the heart the mouth speaketh.*

Jesus was made very unhappy at times by seeing how people wanted to have everything their own way, be prosperous, have good fortune, with no trouble or difficulty,—and yet at the same time be good, just and unselfish to others. They would like to have all the good on the outside and all the good on the inside also. But he had seen how it was that prosperity tends to make people careless about the good in their own hearts and careless also about the welfare of others. He had noticed that having things one's own way makes one selfish. He thinks of one of the peculiar facts belonging to the life and customs of those days. There was a low gateway through which the camels had to pass on entering the city. The poor beasts therefore had to stoop and almost get down on their knees in order to pass through. The passageway was called the "Eye of the Needle." And so one day as Jesus was watching the camels painfully struggling to get through that gate, he said to his disciples: *How hard it must be for people who are prosperous, to*

enter the kingdom of heaven; it is easier for the camel to go through the eye of the needle than for such persons to possess the kingdom of heaven.

I think of another striking saying by Jesus. These thoughts at first seem contrary to our experience; and then again after a while they come back to us and seem to us as being wonderfully true. You know how much we all like the praise of others. It makes us try to please our friends and do what they would like to have us do. Yet often it does tend to lead us astray. It makes us proud. We cease to care for the very best things. We keep thinking about getting the praise of others. Jesus startled the people once when he said to them in a strange sort of way: *Woe unto you when all men speak well of you!*

Then, too, Jesus had seen how much people were given to thinking only about great things. They would not steal, or kill or tell a lie. But they would do so many little selfish, mean, unkind things without thinking anything about the matter. And yet they knew that one's whole life is affected by acting in that way. We must give account of all such deeds, by growing better or worse in our own hearts on account of them. And so Jesus told his disciples one day: *Verily I say unto you, every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account for.*

Jesus loved the country and the country-life of the people. He had grown up there himself. Somehow it had struck him that life everywhere was so much the same. What was true of the people in their work was true in his own life. He had noticed how often it was that crowds of people would go to what was near at hand, do the easiest work and neglect what was the best. And so in the great work of a teacher he had seen how many persons were content to take the world as it comes, and not do anything to help it

forward. He thought how much he and his disciples would have to do, if ever they could make men believe in the true Kingdom of Heaven. One day as he was looking out on the fields in the country, he said something to his disciples which has been used by other teachers and reformers so many times through all the centuries since those days. It was just one short sentence: *The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.*

There was another striking experience he had had. So many people had been drawn at first to his teachings. They had made up their minds they would like to try the new life. They had the notion that everything good was easy to secure. Then after a little while they would find it much harder than they had supposed, to live in the better way or to follow the teachings of Jesus. And so they would give it up and go back to their old life. Jesus thinking of such people said one day: *He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven.*

Another anecdote comes to mind about the subject of forgiveness. We have a great deal told us about the impulsive disciple Peter. One day he came to Jesus and said: "Teacher, if a man injure me and afterwards is sorry, how many times should I forgive him, seven times?" Jesus answered: *Yes! seventy times seven.*

There is another phrase used sometimes by Jesus which we need to think about carefully. It is a word which can be easily misunderstood. You may have been told that you should not love the world. It is a beautiful thought; but we must be very careful to know what it means. A great many people have thought that we are not to care for anything on the outside; that we should actually not want to have

home or family or any life in the world. They fancy that we should all the time be thinking of the Kingdom of Heaven. But Jesus did not tell people to keep away from the world. He told men and women that the true way was rather to live in the world, but all the while to have the Kingdom of Heaven in their hearts. In that way they could do the most good. He would have them live in the world, though they should take great care not to love what was called the *life* of the world. And so one day he said, speaking of his disciples and himself: *They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. I ask not that they should be kept from the world, but only that they should be kept from evil.*

Jesus liked so much to talk about love and fellow-feeling. It is so beautiful to know this, and to think about it. All that he had to say could be put in that one word. And so one time he said to them: *This is my commandment that ye love one another even as I have loved you.*

One last noble thought, to close this chapter of beautiful sayings! It was the great point in all the teachings of Jesus. We see how it is that men and women know what is right and yet often will do what is wrong. Possibly it was on that account that Jesus seemed to think less merely of *teaching*. He wanted so much to have men good in the heart. Yet he had talked a great deal in the course of his few months of work. Then one day he said to them: *If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them.* And we go on repeating it to ourselves as we think of all those beautiful sayings of Jesus: *If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them.*

PART III.



LAST DAYS OF JESUS.

(97)

JERUSALEM.

"The messiah has come," had been the saying everywhere just after the Sermon on the Mount. But many had not at that time quite seen the meaning of those words. Now after three years there were a few who at last were able to understand what was implied by this new teaching. They had not accepted it at first. They had been so filled with that other idea of a kingdom; they did so much want that Jesus might be both kinds of a King, and found both kinds of a kingdom. He had succeeded at last in persuading some of them to give up that desire.

They still, perhaps, only understood him in part. But whatever was to happen, they were ready to take him for their Prince; although they knew by this time that it meant something quite different from what they had at first supposed. We do not know how many there were who had begun to think of his teachings in that way. Those who had lived with him during this time, traveled about with him over the country, walked with him along those beaten paths, up the hills and down into the valleys—they could not help but love him and trust him. They were ready to say now: "We believe; this shall be the teaching by which we will live; it shall be the lesson we will carry to others; this must be the Prince we have been looking for so long. He is the true messiah."

There were also many others who had dimly caught the words, but not really understood what he said to them; they had endured so much, had been hungry and cold so often, they were hardly able to think.

But they remembered how he had laid his hands on their shoulders and been so tender and kind! Was it possible for them to doubt him, after having felt that hand of tenderness, after having seen the look of his pitying eyes? He seemed to have been unhappy just because they were unhappy. They believed him more now because they loved him, although they still perhaps hoped that he would found their kind of a kingdom. They were won to his teachings because he had been such a Brother of Mercy. They too said: "He is our prince; this must be the messiah."

The people now began to wonder whether he would get the people of Jerusalem to accept him. That was their great city. King David had lived there long centuries ago, when they had had a great nation. Their rulers had their palaces there; more than all, they knew that their great temple was there. Whenever in former times they had dreamed of the coming of the new King, they always thought first how he would "restore Jerusalem." They did so love their great city!

Jesus, however, knew what was coming. While his friends all about him were thinking that soon the whole country would accept him, while they were picturing to themselves a glorious triumph for him in Jerusalem, he, alone in his thoughts, was making ready for the end of his life. He knew there was to be no glorious triumph such as they were dreaming of. He had been in that city before. He knew that Jerusalem would never accept his thought of the true kingdom. The people there wanted the other kind. He remembered the fate of many other great teachers—how they had been persecuted and finally been put to death. He felt sure that this would also happen to him. Jerusalem did not want that form of a messiah.

He had now been teaching and working for three long years. That seems a little time; but it was a long while for him, because he had been working so hard and feeling so much. There was but one more step for him to take before the end. He must fulfill his mission; he must carry his teaching even to the great city, and then be ready for whatever might happen to him. He would have done his duty. That was enough.

It was the custom of the people in those days at certain times, when it was possible for them to leave their homes and travel long distances, to go up to their great city for certain festivals. There was one of this kind which had been usual with the people for hundreds, if not thousands, of years. It recalled a great event which took place far, far back in their history. A long while ago their forefathers had lived in another country. While they were there, a terrible pestilence swept over the land, and great numbers of other people had died from it. But for some reason the scourge had not touched them at all; not one family of their race had lost a child. And so every year from that time onward, they had been wont to meet together in their great city and keep up the memories of this fact by a festival. It was known as the Festival of the Passover.

Jesus had decided to go with the people at this time on their excursion to Jerusalem. While his friends were around him, talking of the triumph he would have in their great city, he was thinking himself what he would say, what his last words would be, what last thoughts he should say to his friends before he bade them good-bye. He was asking himself what they would do when everything was over. "Will they still believe in this new teaching? Will they care so much for it when I am gone? Will they be as eager

then to go forward and live by it and take it to others, as I have been eager to live by it and take it to *them*? Have they accepted it wholly, and will they be ready now to deny themselves, to take up their cross and do the work which I have been doing?" He loved them so much; but he knew how hard it had been to shake them from their old hopes and expectations; to get them to give up what they had so much wanted; to make them believe what he himself had come to believe, in those long years of silence when he was a youth on the hill-sides of Galilee.

All around there were happy people, young children with their fathers and mothers. Each day of their journey as the twilight would come on, they would gather round their evening meal and talk of what was coming, of the glorious triumph of their Prince. At every moment Jesus was the same. He was always quiet and calm and gentle and loving. He had never doubted his cause; he would keep saying over to himself: "The triumph shall come, though not in their way. It will appear. The *kingdom of heaven is at hand*. This teaching is true; it will conquer. My end may be near, but there can be no end to the ever growing worth and the ever increasing hold on the hearts of men, of this new idea of the Kingdom of Heaven."

At last they came within sight of the city. How beautiful it looked! There were its walls and gates; there was Mount Zion and the Temple. How they thought of it and loved it, their glorious Jerusalem! They beheld it resting on the hill-tops, its towers gleaming in the sunlight as though it would stand for their honor and joy through the everlasting ages.

Jesus stood apart from the crowd with the twelve disciples by his side. It all came back to him, what he had read and talked about in his childhood. There

had scarcely been a day during which they had not spoken of this city. When the children would come together, the leaders of the people would read to them aloud from the sacred writings of former ages. But those books also kept saying the same thing. Again and again it was mentioned. It was "Jerusalem, Jerusalem." The people had felt that whatever might happen to them or to their homes, whatever could take place to their people or their country, somehow nothing ever could happen to destroy their loved, their glorious Jerusalem.

Jesus beheld it now. And he knew what was going to happen to it. He had seen the mistakes of the people. He understood only too well how wrong they were in their hopes. But his own heart was touched; it cost him so much to break the fact to his friends, and tell them that they must give up even this dream. As they were standing there looking out upon the city, for a moment he could not quite control himself, the tears ran down his cheeks as he whispered softly to himself: *Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem. If thou hadst known in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace. But now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee when thine enemies shall cast up a bank about thee, and compass thee around and hem thee in on every side and shall dash thee to the ground and thy children with thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another. Alas, if thou hadst only known what was coming, couldst only understand the time of thy visitation. Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if only thou hadst known in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace!*

They entered the city. The friends of Jesus gathered around; their journey was at an end. They had

come a long distance hoping and expecting that the man they loved and believed in so much, would now be accepted at Jerusalem. They forgot for the moment what he had told them; how they must not call him master; that they must think, not of him, but of his words. Perhaps they could not help it, because he had been so good to them. As they entered the gates and passed up the streets, they threw down their garments before him; others cut branches from the trees and spread them in the way. The multitudes who went ahead, and those who followed, cried saying: *Hosanna to the Son of David, Hosanna in the Highest!* They could not be restrained; they were overcome with their joy as they kept crying: *Hosanna in the Highest!* People everywhere came asking, Who is this? And the crowd had but one answer: *Hosanna in the Highest! This is our teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, the Messiah. He has come to conquer Jerusalem.*

What must Jesus have felt when he heard their cry? How could he break the truth to them? Was there any way by which he could make them know beforehand what was going to happen to himself? Could he shake their faith in this great city? Still they were clinging to their old idea of a kingdom. They had perhaps given up their hopes for a great nation; but they had not yet lost their expectations for their loved city, their own dear Jerusalem!

He knew that the people would be angry; he perceived that they did not want him or his teachings. While he might be able to win the men and women from Galilee, there was no chance for him to overcome the hopes of this other class.

Day after day he visited the city, talking with the people, meeting all kinds of persons, telling them of his thought with regard to the true Kingdom of

Heaven. He was being kind and helpful to people all the time, ever doing something for those in trouble. But the educated classes were cold and careless. At last they became angry. They perceived only too well that if his teachings were to conquer, they would no longer be the leaders of the people. They would then look in vain for their kind of a messiah, or for the kind of a person which they wanted for a Prince of the House of David.

Jesus saw their anger. The city was becoming excited; the leaders were thinking what they should do in order to put this new teaching down. He was winning the hearts of men in a way quite unknown to them. They could talk and argue; but they had never learned this other way of making people listen to them by first winning their love. Only one course was left to them. They must put him to death.

Jesus knew clearly what was coming. The last days were at hand. Finally one evening, after the long hours of teaching, he goes out with the twelve disciples up the side of the Mount of Olives, where they could look down upon the city. It was a beautiful spot. They could see for miles and miles in all directions. Far away to the east were the mountains of Moab, from which Moses the great hero of their people, in ages gone by, had looked down upon the promised land, before the people had ever entered it. Below them, deep down in the gorge, lay the Dead Sea and the River Jordan, where Jesus had been baptized by John. Northward they could almost see the plains of their dear Galilee. Just at their feet in all its beauty and glory they beheld Jerusalem.

Jesus did not like to speak; he did not want to give them a pang by telling them that they would soon have to part. It was so hard to put an end to their hopes for their loved city. But he could delay no

longer. The time of his death was at hand. He knew full well that before many days the angry people would rise up in fury and carry him to the place of death. He could perhaps even see the very spot where it would all take place; his eye for a moment fell upon Golgotha.

Then he spoke; he told them that his end was coming, that they would soon have to part. He was to be taken away from them. For a moment there was silence. Still they did not understand him; they looked at one another in dismay. No, it could not be, they would not allow it, it was not possible. They could not believe it; it was too sad even to be thought of, that they should be called upon to separate from Jesus. They refused to listen or to believe.

Then he began again. He pointed for a moment silently to the city below. The twilight was deepening; the evening star had just appeared and was shedding its radiance all about them. Lights could here and there be seen in the streets. It was all so beautiful! He told them that the time would come when the fate which was to happen to him would happen also to Jerusalem. It too would perish from the hands of other people, just as he was to die from the anger of the people now living in that city. In the ages to come, when men stood where they were now standing, there would be nothing but desolation for the eye to rest on. The glory of the kingdom which had existed in former times, the splendor of the city which they had loved so well, was all to fade away from human sight. In its place there was to rise and to spread and to grow all over the world this new *Kingdom of Heaven*.

We can fancy their dismay. They could, perhaps, better understand what was going to happen to him, than what would at some time take place to their dear city. Their voices trembled as they asked him when

this would come to pass, when they must expect the overthrow of Jerusalem.

He answers them: *Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; there shall be great earthquakes, and in certain places also famines and pestilences. There shall be terror and great agitation; there shall be distress upon the land and woe unto the people. And they shall fall by the edge of the sword and shall be led captive unto all nations.*

But before all these things have taken place, ye as the leaders of this new teaching will begin to endure what I shall have endured. They will lay their hands upon you and persecute you, putting you in prison and bringing you before kings and governors. Ye shall be hated of all men in the cause of this teaching. Some of you will be put to death. But be not afraid. Watch and be faithful. In steadfastness possess ye your souls. When these things begin to come to pass, lift up your heads; redemption draweth nigh. This city shall be no more, but over the earth, throughout the world there shall be everywhere a Jerusalem. Then ye shall begin to understand that the kingdom of heaven is within you.

As he ended, the last gleam of light had left the sky; the darkness had settled over them. The city had faded from their sight. Solemn and mournful to them had been the news of its coming downfall. For a moment it made them feel alone and solitary. They were to have no home, no great city of their own to look to. The whole world was to be their home, their city, their Jerusalem. But as they turned to their teacher and looked upon his silent figure in the darkness, so calm and untroubled, awaiting his doom, their feeling changed. "What he endures, we too can endure," they said.

And so as they wended their way down the hill,

along the pathway, to the quiet village where they were to spend the night, their hearts were comforted while they kept saying over to themselves, "The whole world must be our Jerusalem."

THE LAST SUPPER.

The Passover which they had come to the city in order to celebrate, was now at hand. It was a simple festival, a meal to be taken together at a certain hour. Jesus meant to be alone that evening with his disciples. It was to be the most important meeting ever held with them, the last supper they were ever to have together. They could never again be assembled with their number unbroken. It was his last chance to talk there with them. He had been told that there was a plot to betray him, and at once to put him to death. He knew that it would be of no avail trying to avoid it.

He sends one of the disciples in advance to the city to make the arrangements. When everything is ready they leave the town of Bethany where they have been spending their nights, take the usual road that leads around the Mount of Olives, pass down the valley and up the hill, through the gate, and so are led to the little room where they are to meet together. They had not yet recovered from the shock of grief and dismay that had come from their talk together that evening on the Mount of Olives. Almost at every step they were taking as they passed along the streets, they kept repeating to themselves, "one stone

shall not be left upon another stone." But now as they were in the room together they turned every eye to their leader, and it was upon every heart the mournful question: "Is it true? Must we now say good-bye to Jesus?" The table was spread, they sat down in silence. Then something very strange took place, an event which we can hardly understand. We do not quite know how it had come about, or what were the reasons for it. It all seemed so terrible! As they were looking at Jesus, suddenly he broke the silence by saying, *Verily I say unto you, one of you shall betray me.* There was a pause,—for a moment not a word was said. It was as still as death.

What must we think were their feelings at that moment? Could *they* do anything of that kind? Had they not loved him devotedly; had they not followed him now for three years, from place to place, wherever he went? Had they not believed in his teachings; had they not pledged themselves to accept his mission? At last one of their number, with pain written all over his face, leans forward, pointing to himself and says: "Jesus, is it I?" Then the next one in sorrow turns his face towards his master, points with his hand towards himself and says, "Jesus, is it I?" And then the next one with horror on *his* face leans forward, with hands on his breast, and says: "Jesus, is it I?" But down at the end of the table was one with a blank look on his features. Pale and startled, he lifts his hand and stammers in terror: "Jesus, is it I?" The master looks up and glances along down the line of anxious faces, until his look falls upon the stammering lips of the last speaker. He only replies: "Thou hast said." The words were spoken to the disciple Judas. He only of all the number knew what it meant,—for he had been the traitor.

Gradually the look passed out of their faces, excepting in the case of one. They knew, the rest of them, that whatever might happen, at least they would not be willing to sell their master. The old feeling came back, the old trust in his love. Each of the eleven knew that Jesus could not have meant *him*. And so they waited in silence for what might be coming. There was only left that one face down at the end of the table on which appeared stamped a look as though it were saying: "Yes, it is I. I am the traitor."

Jesus raises the cup and hands it to them, saying: "Take this and drink it among yourselves; as for me I shall have no further use for it; my end is at hand." He took the bread and broke it and gave it to them. Then once more he goes back to his first remark; once more he says: *Behold the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table. For the son of man must go, as I have said. But woe unto the man through whom he is betrayed; it were better for him if he had not been born.* Again they began to question among themselves which of them it was that should do such a thing. There came once more that look on their faces which said in anguish: "Jesus, is it I?" But the one of their number who sat at the end of their table, with pale and conscience-stricken face, could endure it no longer. The glance of Jesus seemed to have burned into his soul and was scorching like fire. Suddenly he arose and left the room. The others did not understand why it was. They only thought, as he had had charge of the arrangements for the supper, that he had gone out to give it further attention. But Jesus knew what it meant. It was Judas the Traitor.

Jesus now felt relieved. The unhappy look on his face was gone. At least the eleven with whom he sat, he was sure, loved him. They might be weak when

they were tempted. He did not know what they would do when the trial came; but he was certain at least of their affection.

The supper is over, the look of distress has passed away from among them. He proposes now to give them two lessons,—one by his own act, and one as a last talk with them. In the first place he must make a bold effort, once for all, to rid them of any idea of glory or power which should come to them from being his disciples or being princes of this new Kingdom of Heaven. If they could clearly understand that one point, one-half of his purpose at least would be secured. He wanted to be certain that if the same kind of a temptation came to them when they set out as teachers, as came to him in the wilderness three years ago, that they would withstand it as firmly as he had withstood it himself. He must feel sure that they would say as he had said: *Get thee behind me, thou tempter.*

And so he rises from supper and puts aside his garments. The disciples are seated around him or reclining near by. He pours water into a basin,—and then what do you suppose he did? He begins to wash the feet of his disciples and to wipe them with the towel with which he was girded. They looked on in silence and astonishment. Their loved master and teacher was performing that humble and lowly office! What could it mean? One of them, however, tried to stop him and cried out, “Thou shalt never wash my feet.” But Jesus looked at him for a moment and then went on in silence.

When he had washed their feet and sat down again, he said to them: *Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me master and teacher. Well, so I am. If I then the master and teacher have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. I have given you an example, that ye also should do as I have done*

to you. Truly I say unto you, a servant is not greater than his master. If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them.

They understood now what it meant, and said nothing. They accepted the fact. But now they began to see what was to come into their lives. The last vague hope of a kingdom of glory on earth died away at that moment. They knew now what their mission was to be. It had been given them with such plainness in that beautiful example.

They sat down once more in a little group around the table, for a few last words together. He knew that everything now depended on what they would do. If these men stayed true and loyal, if they did not fail and give up in despair after he had gone, then he was sure of the triumph of his teaching. It depended so much on this little group of eleven men. He knew that they loved him; he knew that they knew he loved them. But he could not be certain how firm they were as to their belief in the new teaching. They were to be separated from him; they were now in fact each man of that number to be himself a teacher. All the rest of the world might turn against him at that moment; look down upon him and despise him; scorn his teachings and think him and his message of no account;—all this would not matter in the end, if only he could depend on these eleven disciples. He had given them one great truth. Now he was to add to it one further lesson.

And so he begins: *A new teaching is given unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you that ye also love one another. By this shall a man know whether ye believe in what ye teach, if ye have loved one another.*

As he said those words the impetuous Peter springs to his feet and exclaims: "I would lay down my life for you." Jesus turns to him. For a moment he does not say a word. He has lived with him for three years. He knows the man's love; but he also knows his weakness. Then he says to Peter: *Wilt thou indeed lay down thy life for me? Wait; truly I say unto you, the cock shall not crow before thou hast denied me thrice.* Peter is startled and would speak again. But he sits down once more as Jesus resumes:—

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid. Now I have told you before it came to pass, that when it does come to pass, ye may still believe. A little while, and the world shall see me no more. But again I say unto you, let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Remember the word that I said unto you, a servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you; if they have listened to me they will also listen to you. Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. Forget not this last teaching given unto you, that ye love one another. As he said these words a silence fell on the group. They sat, each man thinking by himself. No further word was said. It was so hard for them to do what he had asked of them. "Let not your heart be troubled" was his saying. Alas! how could they help it, when they knew that in a few short hours they would be alone. They had leaned upon him now so long that they dreaded the moment when he was to go.

The evening wore away, moment after moment,—and still no further word was said. Each one disliked to be the first to move. Yes, their hearts were

troubled; they had never seen clearly before what it would mean to have him no longer with them; they had somehow always thought of themselves as going about with him as their leader. When they were anxious or discouraged, they had leaned on him; and he had had the one answer which always cheered them. "Take courage." When they dreaded failure and came to him in despair over the want of success in their efforts, it had strengthened them so much to hear him say, "there can be no failure."

He had expressed to them his last teaching, "Love one another." Yes, they thought they could do that. They only half understood what it meant; they learned in later years when they were carrying those teachings abroad, what it implied to love one another; that is, *to love all men*. As the evening hour drew on, it was certain that the time to separate must come. Jesus extends his hand. In the dim light which hides the look of sorrow, they say good-bye. One after another in silence they pass out of the door, softly whispering to themselves: *A new lesson is given unto us, that we love one another.*

At length but three of the number remain. They linger as the darkness deepens. They will not, they cannot leave him. They are determined to go with him, wherever he goes. They will watch to the end. Jesus at last goes out with these three disciples. And so ended the "Last Supper."

GETHSEMANE.

Jerusalem stands on a number of hills. It was surrounded by a great wall. Every one who came in or went out would have to pass through the gates which

could be closed at any time, to keep out any armies which should attack the city. On all sides were deep valleys and gorges which could be seen everywhere from the walls of the city. On one of the hills, which was called Mt. Zion, stood the great and beautiful temple. From this place the people could look down across one of those gorges up the sloping sides of the Mount of Olives. In the valleys which were all around the city, were running brooks, which the people had to cross when they left to go elsewhere on a journey.

Down in one of these valleys, close by the famous brook Kedron, just at the foot of Mt. Olives, was a beautiful garden. It was a quiet place all by itself. Few people ever went there. It was inclosed by a wall which shut out the gaze of the passer-by. Within this garden there were wild flowers growing, and paths winding in and out among the olive trees. It was that kind of a place which a man would like to go to when he is tired and troubled and wants to be by himself and think. He could enter the gate undisturbed, wander along one of the paths, or throw himself down under a tree where he could rest in the shade and let the calm and repose all about him come into his soul. He could hear, not far away, the murmur which told him of the life of a great city; but the sounds were not loud enough to disturb his thoughts. Just outside the walls he could hear the ripple of the brook as its waters went speeding on down through the valley. The sunlight as it played in and out through the leaves, touching the ground here and there with its light of gold, could fill his heart. The blue sky above, like a great canopy overhead, seemed to be wrapping him and the world about, as with a great mantle of love and peace.

The flowers of the seasons came and went; but few persons ever saw them there. The birds that alighted in the branches and sang to one another their songs of

joy and mirth, usually had themselves for their only company. Few persons ever visited the place. Who owned it we do not know; but it was known as the Garden of Gethsemane.

Jesus knew that quiet retreat; he had discovered it in his walks between Bethany and Jerusalem. Many a time he had stopped at evening on his way to the village, turned aside from the road, laid his hand on the gate, pushed it open and entered the garden. The world for a moment was shut out; no one cared to follow him; none stopped to observe him. When his friends and companions had gone on their way, for a moment he would pause just for the sake of feeling all the pleasures of the silence, the calm and repose of the garden. It was all so lovely and quiet; it almost seemed as though at that hour he had no care; everything whispered peace. He would lie down for a while on the ground and rest. The beauty all around him, the sweet perfume of the flowers, the evening breezes swaying the tree-tops, the good-night twitter of the birds, the hum of the insects—it all entered into him and made him glad.

He knew every corner of that garden, every pathway, every tree and bush; he almost felt indeed as though he knew the very birds which came there, and the bees which sipped the honey from the wild roses against the walls. The very sky overhead seemed to be something separate and peculiar, as though belonging to the place. What wonder that all this became a part of himself; what wonder that he loved Gethsemane!

The Last Supper had been taken. It was now late in the evening. They passed out the door-way, along the silent streets. The people were in slumber; not a

voice was anywhere to be heard. The only noise was the echo of their own footsteps. The disciples said not a word: they dared not speak, lest their tones should betray their despair.

But Jesus knew that everybody in that city was not asleep. He had learned that somewhere else, not very far away, a crowd of people were coming together for the purpose of seizing him. It was to be the last night which he could have to himself. What the morrow might bring, he could not know; but he felt that his end was near.

They pass out through the gate underneath the great wall of the city, down into the valley; then across the brook which they had passed over so many times, and at last come to the foot of the Mount of Olives. They turn aside from the road; there was no use for him now to go down to Bethany. He stands once more at the Garden of Gethsemane. They all enter together; the gate shuts behind them and seems to close them out from the world. It was silent and dark; there was not the motion of a bird, not even the sense of a breeze; everything was asleep. They look up to the sky for a moment and feel themselves among friends; for there shone the myriads of stars which never sleep nor slumber, the ever waking companions of the night. It is so dark that they cannot see one another's faces; they can only see the faint outline of one another's forms by the dim light of those companions of the sky.

Jesus stations the three disciples near the gate. For a little while he must be quite alone. And so he breaks the silence. He says to them: *My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Abide ye here and watch, while I go yonder.* Then he left them and went forward. He had no need of any light; he could find his way in that garden either at midnight

or at noonday. He goes to the place where he has so often sat at the evening hour.

He is now too weak to stand; he had eaten nothing since morning. At the supper with his disciples he had taken no food. All day long he had been thinking; all his past life had come before him. It had seemed to him as though he had lived the whole thirty-three years over again in those few hours. He can endure it no longer; he drops upon the ground with his face to the earth. Not until that very instant had he fully realized what was coming, what it was all going to mean. Up to that moment, the end, though always near, had seemed some distance ahead; there had always been at least one day more for him to think and work. Now at last he knew that all hope was gone. The very last day was over. The end was upon him; he was actually to die. He would be able to say no further word in urging men to accept his new thought about the Kingdom of Heaven.

What was more, he was to suffer the agony of martyrdom, to be seized by the hands of men who hated him, to be carried before judges who looked down upon him and scorned his teachings. He would have to suffer cruel tortures, and then to die the slow, painful death of the martyr.

Can we wonder if at that moment, all alone at midnight, with no one close to his side, he should have asked himself, "What am I doing this for? Is it certain that I am right?" Can we wonder if for a moment the same vision came back to him which had visited him when he was alone three years ago in the wilderness? Is it strange if he should have heard a voice which said to him, "Jesus, you are mistaken!" Must we be astonished if it was to him as though he heard another self speaking and whispering to him: "Escape and fly. It is not worth the while; the moun-

tains are not far away; there you will be safe from harm where no enemy can reach you. Why should you suffer now? You are giving up your work too soon. You have worked only a little while. If you do nothing more, it will all end with your death. Escape to the mountains; live and work and go on teaching about the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven."

It was not the dread of pain which troubled him so much; it was not the fear of angry looks; it was not the horror of death. But there would come to him at that last moment once more the awful doubt *lest the end had come too soon*; lest the men who put him down might be able to destroy the effect of his work, and to blot out the memory of his teaching. They might blot out his name; for that he did not care. But it was more than he could endure, to think that they might be able to make men forget this higher truth by which alone it was worth the while to live.

Should he do it; should he escape and fly, go to the mountains and set himself free; or should he yield? The agony was becoming intense. He did not know what to do; he dreads to stay; he dares not go. Suddenly as if it came from another self, he heard the sound of his own voice exclaiming: *Oh, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.* He started; who was it that had said the words? Could it have been himself? Oh, no! Weak and tottering from want of strength, he raised himself up for a moment from the ground. With face pale and haggard, but which no eye then looked upon, he stood erect and cried aloud: No; I yield. *Let not my will be done.*

For a moment he must have companionship; it almost seemed to him as though he were alone on the face of the earth, with no man to help him, no power to support him. Through the darkness with slow

steps, he finds his way back to the gate and speaks to his disciples. He is startled; there is no reply. Again he speaks. They hear a sound and rub their eyes, for they had been sleeping.

Jesus turns away as he says: *What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and be firm; the spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak.*

He leaves them again and goes back to where he had been before. No, they could not understand; there was no use going to them. Only when he was gone, and they too had taken up the cross, would they know what it meant, and be in *their* Gethsemane? He is too weak to stand; again he falls upon the earth with his face to the ground. Again it is to him as though another self appeared, the same haunting vision, the same voice begging and pleading with him and telling him: "It is not worth the while." Once more it is to him as though the warning came, "Escape and flee." Was it he himself that was speaking? He did not know.

He was growing weaker, however, every moment. It was easy for him the first time to conquer. But it seemed to him now as though perhaps that other self was right. He felt that he could not afford at that moment to die. But then there came back to him the memories of other times; he thought how he had read of other great teachers in the past; he remembered what they had done and what they had suffered; he knew they too had gone through the same struggle and died the death of martyrdom. "Shall I yield? Shall I yield?" he keeps asking himself. And still he thinks "It is too soon, too soon; just a little longer time to work, then I will go."

Again as he lay there on the ground he was startled to hear the sound as it were of his own voice, once more exclaiming, *Oh, if it be possible, let this cup*

pass from me. Once more he endeavors to rise. He draws himself up on his knees and clasps his hands together. His face again is lifted pallid and worn to the sky; he cannot speak aloud, his strength is gone. But there is heard the whisper: No, I yield, *let not my will be done.*

He thinks now of his companions. The solitude has again overcome him; he shrinks from being alone; he must feel the touch of a hand. To be so alone is more than he can bear. He rises from his knees and slowly follows the same path, back to where he had left the disciples. He speaks; but again there is no answer. What, were they once more asleep? They arouse themselves and rub their eyes to give him reply. But there was no use; they could not understand; their hour had not yet come. It was true, he was all alone. Again he exclaims to them, half in sorrow, half in tenderness: *What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and be firm. The spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak.*

He leaves them now and goes back a third time. It seemed to him as though he had been hours in the garden, although it had been but a few moments. What had he not suffered and endured in that short time!

For the third time he falls upon the ground with his face to the earth. His strength is almost gone. A little longer and he will not be able to think at all. He had not yet quite made up his mind. He is still debating. Yes, it was true; he had made a mistake. He must not yield. He dared not think of giving up. It was the voice of the tempter himself which was summoning him to die. Duty, the great cause for which he was working, the Kingdom of Heaven itself—everything demanded that he should wait and work. It was wrong to yield, it was cowardly to give

up; what right had he to the glory of martyrdom? No, he would not yield, he would flee and escape, he would do battle yet in that great cause to which he had devoted himself.

He draws himself together and rises to his feet. He has made up his mind. Strength has come back to him. It was to him for a moment as though he had taken food and drink; as though new life was given him. He starts; he will go to his disciples; they will leave the garden and fly to the mountains. With him and under his banner they shall still work for the cause of the new idea of the Kingdom of Heaven.

But no, he falls back in agony to the earth. None can know what he went through. It was to be the final struggle. The suffering was terrible. He could not die, he did not want to die, he dared not give up his cause. And yet a voice kept whispering, "You must, you must." It almost seemed to him as though he were being torn to pieces by his thinking. He hardly knew where he was. He put his hand to his forehead and suddenly asked himself what it was? Could it be the dew of morning? No, it was the cold sweat of agony. No eye seemed to be there to take pity on him; the companions in the sky that shone with their light above, appeared to have no mercy; they could not *feel*.

Again he hears the sound of his own voice; this time it is not in a whisper; it is loud and clear, the last troubled cry in the stillness of the night. *Oh, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.* Yes, it looked as though he would give up and go. The cold dew upon his forehead was gone; in its stead he was now sweating, as it were, great drops of blood; his soul and his body were on fire.

But hark! What was that? Could it be the murmur of the brook, or the breeze in the tree-tops;

could the birds be waking from their slumber? No, as he listened it was the sound of the heavy tread of feet. It was the crowd coming out of the city to seize him. Then he knew where he was; it all came back to him, what he was doing, what he had come there for. Again he raised his face to the sky. All of a sudden there was a change. The agony was gone. The lines of pain smoothed themselves out, the distress all disappeared, the look of doubt passed away; a calm floated down over him, rested on his face and passed into his soul. Had it been a dream, had he actually been in pain; what had he been thinking of during those last hours? He hardly seemed to know, he only whispers to himself: It shall not be. I yield, *let not my will be done*. And so he conquered.

The change had come, the agony was over, the doubt had gone. There was no pain nor sorrow now. He stood there firm and erect as on the day when he had set out from Nazareth in his youth to become the new messiah. Yes, he was ready; it was worth the while. He will drink the cup; *Let not my will be done*.

THE BETRAYAL.

Among the twelve disciples there was one who had never been quite loyal and true. He loved his friend and teacher; but he did not love him wholly. He had good feelings, a tender heart; he wanted to be a better man, but he was weak in will. When bad feelings or

dark thoughts would cross his mind, he did not always put them away or stamp them out. He would let them stay and grow, saying to himself: "It does not matter; they are only thoughts."

Did Jesus know all this? Did he ever look that man in the eye, or seem to pierce down in his soul and read his very mind? Yes, surely he must have done so; but he was willing to wait, and hope that the better feelings in the man would conquer.

They had all now been for some time in the great city together. What was going on in the mind of this one disciple, we do not know. Perhaps he had lost heart; it may be that he had been caring more for himself, thinking more of the glory of being one of the twelve disciples, than of what he could do for others by being one of that number. It may be that when he began to see that Jesus was not in favor at Jerusalem, that the leaders there and the mass of the people did not want him and would not receive him—it may be at that hour the thought had come to this man, that he would give up being one of the disciples. He had no desire to be the follower or the helper of a martyr, or perhaps himself some time in the future be obliged to suffer the pain and death of martyrdom. Was it possible that anger began to stir within him? Had he observed that Jesus had noticed the lurking disloyalty, and so had not been able to show him the same degree of cordial feeling which he displayed toward the others? Must we think that even jealousy as well as anger and selfish disappointment were at work for a time in that weak heart?

Was he ashamed of it? We are sure of that. Jesus would not have chosen that man and have had him with him for months and years, unless there had been much that was good and noble in his nature. Unfortunately, however, when those bad thoughts came

to him, the man had not cut them out as with a knife. Now at last they held him in complete possession.

The leaders of the people had decided that it would be necessary to remove Jesus from their midst; they were going to have him put to death; they said he should be crucified. They hated him; they feared for their own success and influence; they dreaded lest this new teaching should triumph. They did not like the kind of a man who could win people's minds and hearts by first making them love him, rather than by giving them great promises of good things and splendor to come.

But they did not know just how to go about their task. There were too many friends of this new teacher already in their midst; it would not do for them to seize him publicly. They must find out where he went when he wanted to be alone; then in the darkness and silence of the night they could steal out from the city and take their victim.

At that moment is it possible that some one whispered to one of those leaders, that among the friends of Jesus was one who was not quite loyal? They knew what that meant; they had read the hearts of men too well; they saw at once their chance. They asked his name and was told that it was Judas. They sought him out; they told him that he had been wrong, that he had made a mistake in ever belonging to that group of disciples. Did they suggest to him that perhaps it would be well for his own safety if he stood off and withdrew? They saw his anger; they discovered his jealousy; worse than all, they detected the mean, base spirit of cupidity. They offered him money; they told him that if he would take them to Jesus without noise and disturbance, when the city was asleep, that that would be enough; then he could go and they would give him thirty pieces of silver.

Judas consented. He did not think clearly what it might mean,—he was only angry; and then too he wanted the money. It would not matter, he said to himself; and at any rate he thought there was no success possible for Jesus.

They had come together in the night; in their midst was the traitor Judas. They moved in a crowd along the streets following where Jesus had walked a few hours ago. They passed through the gate, along the road, down across the brook; then they stopped. Judas turned and pointed up towards the Mount of Olives and said, "He is there, in the Garden of Gethsemane." They turn aside and come near to the gate, a crowd of men with lanterns and torches all armed with staves and other weapons. They were only going to seize one man, and yet they were afraid; and so they were able to gather courage only through the fact of their numbers.

The gray streaks of the dawn were just beginning to appear on the horizon. What they did had to be done quickly. From the light of their torches and lanterns they perceive four silent figures standing motionless at the gate of the garden. It had been arranged that Judas should let them know which one was the master, by stepping up and saluting him with a kiss. It was not difficult for him to know which one of that four was Jesus. He steps out from the crowd, walks up to his brother disciples, leans forward and touches his lips to the cheek of the master. Not a word had been said. It was so quiet that they could even hear the kiss of the traitor Judas.

Jesus in a voice as calm and even as though he were speaking to a friend by the fireside, asks them, "Whom seek ye?" For a moment they were surprised, as they answered, "We seek Jesus." Perhaps they had been mistaken. Was this the man whom they had come out to seize, armed and prepared as though

to attack a dangerous enemy? Was there peril in that soft gentle voice? They felt ashamed. But yes; they were right; they heard the reply: *I am he.* Again they felt the power of that quiet voice as he said to them: *Are ye come out as against a robber with swords and staves to seize me? I was daily with you teaching, and ye took me not.*

Then he turned to address the three friends by his side, to bid them take courage. But he looked in vain; for they were gone; they had forsaken him and fled. He was alone in the hands of his enemies; his hour at last had come.

But what became of the traitor? Was he happy with the money? Was he glad that he had given his master and his teacher over into the hands of the men who hated him? Was his jealousy and anger all satisfied? Was his heart at peace? No, he saw now what he had done. He knew at last how base and low and mean he had been. He had betrayed the man who trusted him, the man whom he himself had loved. What would he not have given to have undone the deed? But it was too late. The shame, the loathing, the horror of himself, was too much to bear. He brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the men who had given it to him, saying, "I have done wrong in that I betrayed an innocent man." But they answered, "What is that to us? look thou to it." Then he flung down the pieces of silver before the men and departed. Sick of himself, overcome with despair, he went away and hanged himself. And so ended the sad story of the traitor Judas.

THE TRIAL.

Jesus had been taken. It now rested with them to bring him before the courts and have him sentenced

to death. They felt that that would be easy; they were sure that he would use words by which he would convict himself. They understood quite well that what he taught and believed would give no pleasure to the judges who might try him, any more than it had given pleasure to those who had seized him.

You remember that in speaking of the condition of the people we said that they were ruled over by another race, oppressed and held down by a foreign country. They had therefore two different courts. They must first have him convicted and sentenced by judges of their own people; and then they would have to carry him before the other court and have him again judged and condemned by the man who had been placed to rule over their city,—that is, Pilate, the Roman Governor.

They bring him first to their own judges: the court of the priests. It was now early in the morning; events had been taking place rapidly. Jesus had slept none during the night. The capture, Gethsemane, and the Last Supper, all had happened within a few hours.

They placed him standing, where they could look upon his face. They were excited and glad; at last they had their victim in their hands. Witness after witness was brought forward who told of his sayings and of what he had done. The crowd was waiting eagerly for the sentence; they were quite sure what it would be; they knew well that neither the priests nor the people could want this man for their messiah. They did not want his idea of a Kingdom of Heaven.

What had he said or done? was asked by the judge. The reply was ready at once. Had he not told his friends that they must think less about the glory of their race? Was he not trying to make men cease from hoping for the coming of a great prince who should restore to them their kingdom? Had he not

warned people against the present leaders? Had he not told his friends that the time would come when there would no longer be a great city of their own, but that all the world must be their Jerusalem? This man could not be their messiah; he was misleading the people; he could be no true guide or helper; he had been guilty of a crime. Judgment should be upon him; he should be put away forever from their midst. That was their cry.

When the judge had heard these things, he stood up and addressed Jesus, saying: "What is it which these men witness against thee? What hast thou to answer?"

Jesus did not move nor stir; he had heard them repeating what he had said; he understood their purpose; he knew just what was to come. It did not matter what answer he gave; all the pain and anguish which he had endured a few hours previous in the silence of the night was gone. His mind was at perfect rest; he was as calm as though he were in the presence of friends, as though the men around him were loving companions. There was no terror in his look, no fear in his voice; it was almost as though he were alone once more by the Sea of Galilee. His heart was full of tenderness; he had even forgiven the friends who had forsaken him; he felt no ill-will even to the men who stood around him and wanted to have him put away. There was no wavering, no hesitation; there was on his face a look of youth. Only as they gazed more closely at him, they could see the lines of past suffering which could never quite go away.

He rouses himself, turns to the judge and softly replies, "I have nothing to say."

The judge and people were angry. This was something which they had not expected. They wanted to convict Jesus from his own words. They desired to

prove to the world and to themselves that he was not good and true, not a safe leader. Again the judge addressed him saying: "What is it which these men witness against thee? What hast thou to answer?"

Again Jesus arouses himself from his thoughts; there comes once more into his face that look so gentle and tender, calm and quiet, yet so firm and strong. But again they only hear the reply: "I have nothing to say."

The court was angry, but nothing further could be done. The sentence must be given. The judge rises from his chair; the people listen as they hear him say: "We have heard the witnesses; he hath spoken and done evil; what further need have we of testimony? Behold now, ye have the evidence; what think ye?" With one voice the crowd cry: "He is worthy of death." They call out again as though to satisfy themselves that they were right, by saying once more, "He is worthy of death."

The court gives its judgment; he is found guilty, and condemned to die.

For a moment the fury of the people breaks loose. They turn upon their victim, they strike him with their hands, they spit in his face, they mock him, saying: "Yes, indeed thou art our messiah!" But through it all, the look on his face never changed; not once did there come an expression of anger or even of indignation. He felt the pain of the blows and the sting of their scorn. But it touched him little now, he had suffered so much in the past. He had made up his mind. It was all clear to him now. This had to be. It would soon be over.

Where, all this time, were those three disciples? Where was Peter who had said "Though all men deny

thee, yet will I stay with thee!" Alas, he too had forsaken the master and fled!

But the love he bore to Jesus was so strong he could not stay away. He was afraid! He dreaded lest the doom should come to him which had now come to his loved teacher! He had not the courage to face that awful evil. When it was far away, it all looked easy; he could then say in brave words, "I can dare and endure anything." Now when the peril was at hand, it meant something different. He followed quietly, thinking no one would know him. He is resolved to know what is going to happen. He would take the risk of being present at the court.

As he was sitting by the doorway a maid came to him saying, "Thou also wast with Jesus." Peter sprang to his feet as he answered, denying before them all, "I know not what thou sayest."

He went out on to the porch; it was not safe to be in the crowd. But there another maid saw him and said to the people that were standing by, "This man also was with Jesus."

Peter once more denies with an oath, "I know not the man."

What should he do? He saw that he was in danger; he must go away. Just as he was leaving, others that stood by came and said to Peter: "Of a truth thou also art one of them, for thy speech betrayeth thee." Then he began again to curse and swear, saying: "I know not the man."

He could not stop; he withdraws from the court, he leaves the porch, slips out into the street and hastens away. As he is moving out from the gate he hears the sound of the crowing of a cock. All of a sudden there come to him the words which Jesus had said: "Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice."

Peter had received his lesson. In his shame he fell on his face by the side of the road and wept bitter tears. Remorse overcame him; he had not only forsaken his master, but had denied him before the world. The lesson, however, had come just in time; the hour was to arrive when once more, years afterwards, he would be called upon to say whether he had known this man and loved him. When it came, the second time, there was to be no denial; he was to endure the same death or martyrdom as his friend and teacher Jesus.

And now as to the second trial of Jesus. The first court could not carry out the sentence. It was not possible there to give the last decision; they could not put him to death until first they had won the consent of the Roman Governor. They take him therefore to the other court; the crowd following eagerly, waiting and longing for the end.

Pilate is sitting in his chair of judgment. They place their victim standing before him. What it all means, the Governor as yet does not know; he takes no care in what these people want. What to him was their eagerness about a "messiah?" All he wanted was that the people should be quiet and obedient and let him alone. But to his surprise as he looks at the face of the man, he grows interested. Who could it be? He had never seen that kind of a face before. He had dealt with weak and submissive people; he had had plenty of trouble with unruly, strong or violent people. What was it in that face that appeared to have both of those feelings,—a look which was gentle as the gentlest, but something in the eye that suggested a spirit that could defy even him, the Roman Governor.

He watches the face of Jesus. At first he does not like it; it is too quiet and calm. It was to him as though the man were saying, "I care not for your judgment." Then again the expression would seem to change; to mean not exactly that, but rather to be saying, "I yield; let not my will be done."

They bring their witnesses one after another; they show that he has become a new leader of the people; they try to prove that he is dangerous and may destroy the state; they wish to have Pilate understand that this man should not be allowed to live, else he would be a peril both to the Governor and to the people. They said, "We do not want this man; we will not have him as our messiah; you must put him down, else he will try to become a King."

The Roman Governor waits and listens. At last after he has heard all that could be said against him he turns to Jesus and says, "Dost thou desire to become a king?"

Jesus was startled for a moment at the question; it was so strange and unexpected. He thought of that long struggle in the wilderness three years ago, which had almost gone from his memory. Now it came back, how he had put away forever all dreams of personal power. Pilate is waiting; the crowd is listening for the reply of Jesus. Again comes that look in his face; he has aroused himself from his memories. He thinks for a moment where he is; he looks up and his glance falls upon the eye of the judge. Quietly and calmly he gives the same reply, "I have nothing to say."

The Roman Governor looks at him for a moment and thinks. What could it mean? He tried to make something out of the tones of the voice. But he could not decide; it was both firm and gentle, yielding and yet positive, soft and yet strong. This was a new kind of a man. He did not like at once to give judg-

ment; he must wait and look more closely; he must get a further answer from Jesus.

Pilate turned once more and put his question, "Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee?" The tone was cold and almost sharp; there was no feeling in it. He could not read this kind of a man.

Jesus has heard the question; he is fully alive to its meaning. But he bows his head. They catch once more the words, "I have nothing to say."

There was no use in further efforts. It was plain that the man would not speak. And so at length Pilate said, addressing the people, "What then shall I do with him? I find no evil in this man." With one voice the crowd cry out, "Let him be crucified."

But he said, "Why, what evil hath he done?" Again they cry out, louder than before, "Let him be crucified."

As Pilate sat thinking, the cry went up a third time from many voices loud with anger, "Crucify him, crucify him." Pilate saw that he might as well yield. This man was nothing to him. Let the people have their way. It was only one more victim. And so, standing before the people the Roman Governor took water and washed his hands saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this man; do ye with him as ye please." The answer came back even as before, "Let him be crucified." Pilate answers and gives his judgment, "It shall be done; let him be crucified."

Jesus is now given over into the hands of the soldiers of the Roman Governor. They take him to the outer hall where they can have sport with their victim. They cared nothing for him; he was to them only a common person whom they looked down upon and despised. They took off his garments and put a scarlet robe on him; then they plaited a crown of

thorns and put it on his head and a reed in his right hand. And so they kneel down before him looking up at his worn face, mocking him and saying: "Hail, thou that wouldst be a king." They spat upon him and took the reed and struck the crown of thorns upon his head.

But it meant nothing to Jesus. It was only one hour more of suffering. His thoughts were far away. There could be no feeling of anger. All this had to be. He saw they did not understand. They knew nothing of the true Kingdom of Heaven. What to him was that crown of thorns, that scarlet robe? The day would come when the world would know; when all this would be forgotten or be of no account. It was what all true teachers might have to endure. He must wait it out till the end. Whatever they might do to him, however they might treat him, whatever questions they were to put to him, he was to have but the one answer, so gentle and yet so firm, "I have nothing to say."

When the soldiers had done with their mockery, they took from him the robe and the crown of thorns, and then gave him his garments. And so he was led away to be crucified.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Just west of Jerusalem on the other side of the city from the Mount of Olives and Gethsemane, a short distance beyond the gates, there was a bare and lonely rock. It stood overlooking a gorge, and was not far

away from the road along which travelers went on their journeys to neighboring towns. It was a lonely place; no men cared to see it. As the people would be passing by, they would look the other way, lest their eye should rest upon that rock. They dreaded to go near to it; it was to them a spot of horror; for it was there that the public criminals were put to death. The place was known as the Hill of Calvary.

It was to that place that Jesus was to be led, and there to be crucified. He was to be raised aloft and die in the presence of the crowd, an object of scorn and contempt for all the world.

Everything was now ready. The sentence had been given; he was in the hands of soldiers who were to carry it out. It was now the afternoon of the day following the Last Supper. For nearly twenty-four hours he had neither eaten nor slept. The good-bye had been said to his disciples. He had passed the night in thinking. Then in the early morning and forenoon he had been in the presence of the two courts where he had been tried. He had endured the scorn and blows of the rude and angry people, of the careless or scoffing Roman soldiers. He was glad now that it was all over, that the end was close at hand.

He is led from the court by the soldiers out along the streets, the crowd following and pouring out their ridicule upon him. They laid upon his shoulders the two heavy beams which were to form the cross upon which he was to be placed and put to death. For a while he staggers along under the weight, hoping not to fall. But it was too much: the burden was heavy, he was so faint and worn, he slips and drops upon his knees; he cannot carry the load.

They take the long beams from his shoulders and lay them in the hands of another, and then lift Jesus once more to his feet. Relieved from the weight, for

a moment he moves his hand across his forehead, cleans away the dust and dew from his eyes and the mists from his thoughts. Then he moves forward, hearing ever the heavy tread of the crowds of people following behind, rejoicing in his doom. He sees by his side the cross upon which he is to be laid; on the other hand, he observes the presence of the soldiers who are leading him and keeping him from the fury of the angry people. Again for a moment he stops, he is about to drop to his knees. He cannot stand. But they come to his help and steady him for a moment. Once more he brushes away the mist from his eyes, draws himself together, and moves on along the street. People are looking at him from the doorways as he passes by. They are cold and indifferent. Some of the men are even glad of what he was to endure. A few looked on with pitying eyes; in their hearts they loved him. Some of them had felt his hands upon their shoulders, or had had his presence by their side in sickness. They were sad, but they dared not speak. No friends were at hand to tell him that they loved him, or that all was well.

They come to the limits of the city; the great wall is passed, they are out on the public road. Still could be heard the heavy tread, the loud voices of the people crowding behind, eager to witness the death. They climb the hill. At last they are all standing on Mt. Calvary.

He was not the only one to suffer the penalty. By his side were two common thieves who also had been condemned to the same death. The three men were all there together. The long beam of wood is laid upon the rock, a second shorter piece is laid upon the first, in the form of a cross. Jesus is stripped of his garments. They lay him at full length with arms outstretched upon those beams of wood. Through-

out the whole journey he had spoken no word, not even a whisper. They take a long sharp spike, place it in the center of the palm of the hand, then with a heavy blow of the great hammer they drive it through the flesh, deep and firm into the block of wood. A sharp, sudden, piercing cry came from the lips of Jesus; the awful pain of that spike driven through his hand had awakened him from his thoughts.

The crowd heard it. For an instant they were all silent. But soon they call out to the soldiers, "Go on, go on, nail him to the cross." And so with a second spike and with a second heavy blow the other hand is fastened like the first, to the cross beam. Then with larger spikes and two heavier blows they pierce his ankles, and nail them firm and secure to the main beam of the cross. The rest of the work had been done in silence. Only one cry had been heard from Jesus. Was he conscious of the drops of blood that were dripping from his hands and feet? Whatever he felt, he said not a word.

Then they fasten the end of the cross to the rock, and with ropes they slowly draw it up and raise it to a standing position. Jesus is lifted in the air, with bleeding hands and feet nailed to the cross, there to await the slow on-coming death.

Then on the other side they raise the common thieves who are to die by the same process. Jesus is aloft on the cross dying as a public criminal.

The crowd was now content. All was done. Their fury was spent. There was no chance now that he would come back and trouble them with his new teaching, or offer himself in any way as the coming messiah.

It was silent now on Calvary. Nothing was to be heard but the slow, heavy breathing of the three men

hanging on the three crosses. Now and then there was perhaps a groan of pain from the two thieves who were dying. But no sound came from the lips of the man on the central cross. Down below on the rock could be seen the soldiers who had been stationed there as a watch by the Roman Governor. They had amused themselves for a while by dividing and taking each a share of the clothing of the three victims. They had found only one difficulty. The coat of Jesus had been woven without a seam. It could not be divided. They stood together therefore and cast lots among themselves deciding at last which one should have the garment. When that was all over, they too were silent. It had no meaning to them. They had no care for the three men on the cross; they were waiting, cold, calm and indifferent, until the three men should die.

Now and then a traveler would pass along the public highway coming from some other city. He too had been told of the would-be messiah. He too would turn and look up to that worn and bleeding face, and call out in mockery, "Hail, thou that wouldst be our king, come down from the cross. Thou wouldst help others, now let us see thee help thyself." One of the two criminals by his side caught up those words of ridicule and repeated them, saying, "Yes, now help us and help thyself."

We can think how it must have revived in his soul all the wrongs, the cold, unkind words which had been said to him in the last three years. But no, he spoke no blame, he felt no anger. He only whispers: *Let them be forgiven; they know not what they do.* The words had been spoken so gently that they had not been heard by the soldiers and the scoffers. Just one person standing at the foot of the cross had noticed them and remembered them. It was a solitary woman who had remained behind alone, after the

crowd had gone back to the city. Yes, those were his very words—spoken not of those men simply, but of all who had done him wrong, even of those who had called out: "Let him be crucified." To all that cruelty, for all that indifference, *Let them be forgiven, for they know not what they do*, had been the reply of Jesus.

Then for several hours again there was silence, not so much as the sound of a footstep. As the moments went by, the watchers were becoming tired; they were weary of the stillness and monotony. A hush had fallen upon the place; everything, even the air around them, was quiet and motionless. The night was coming on, the very sky itself seemed to be feeling the mournful gloom. The soldiers began to feel troubled and kept wishing that everything was over, so that they might go back to the city. They were not quite used to this kind of a scene. What manner of a man could this be, they wondered, who took everything so quietly and said not a word. They had been here many a time before for a like purpose; but it had never given them a moment of uneasiness. *What manner of a man can this be*, they kept thinking.

Suddenly from above, after a long stillness, there was a gasp, a sigh, a wail as of awful agony. A voice cried out in the oncoming darkness, *I am forsaken, I am forsaken*.

What had Jesus been thinking of? What was on his mind as he hung there on his cross? He felt the pain shooting through his hands and feet; he knew every moment that he was growing weaker and weaker. But he cared little for the pain. What he was enduring in that way was of small account, beside what he had already suffered in mind. It almost seemed to him now as though it were a relief to him to feel the pain of those spikes riveting his hands and feet to the cross.

He had been thinking of bygone days, of his early childhood, of his father and mother. He remembered the light of early morning as the sun rose over the Sea of Galilee. He recalled the soft glow of twilight when he had been watching the flocks on the hill, and thinking how all the great world was so much without a shepherd.

He remembered again the saying which had come down into the family, as connected with the dreams of his mother at the time of his birth. *Glory in the highest! Peace on earth, good-will to men!* He asked himself, had it come, was peace now abroad among men?

He thought of the time when he stood in the waters of the Jordan and felt the hand of his friend on his shoulders, while he had seen in his vision the figure of a dove hovering over his head. It too had told him of *peace*.

He remembered the walks from city to city, from village to village. He thought of the sick and the worn, the tired and the suffering to whom he had given a helping hand. He asked himself—where are they now?

There came to him the time when he stood before the thousands of people all around him, and gave them his Sermon on the Mount. He was mindful of the hours when he stood by the sea-side, and told the people gathered around him those stories and parables which should illustrate the teaching which he came to give.

He thought of the time when he had uttered this great lesson and said: "The Kingdom of Heaven is not of the world, not something of power and outward glory; it is a condition of the heart. Within yourselves is the Kingdom of Heaven."

He thought of the Last Supper and of the chosen

friends. He remembered the awful hour at Gethsemane. Where now were the twelve disciples; where now were those suffering ones whom he had helped on his journey from city to city; where now were the crowd that had come out to listen to him and had accepted his teaching; where now were the thousands that had listened to the great Sermon? Not one of all those people was there. Gone, scattered, they had left him alone to die. Friendless and defeated, he had worked in vain. What wonder that for a moment there came a cry in the silence and stillness of Calvary: *I am forsaken.*

But hark! What was that? A voice below at the foot of the cross. He listened. Could it be? He did not know. It was broken by sobs, but it almost seemed to him as though it was the loved voice of his mother.

The pain was forgotten; he thought no more of those nails riveting him to those beams of wood. It was to him as though some one were clinging to the foot of the cross. A tremor seemed to pass up to him from below. It was as though he felt the touch of those fingers, the pain of that suffering soul. The voice was speaking, at times in a whisper and then aloud. Where had he heard those words?

He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief: And as one from whom men hide their faces he was looked down upon and we esteemed him not.

The voice broke; it was shaken with tears, while the arms of the woman below clung wildly to the cross. Yes, he remembered; he had heard those words. They had been said over to him in his childhood from the lips of his mother. It told of the sufferings that all men had to endure who wanted to do great and good work for the world.

Hark! again the voice is speaking; he listens hoping to catch the words. Certainly somewhere he has heard them before.

He was oppressed and afflicted; yet he opened not his mouth. As a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of the people was he stricken.

Again the voice broke down; it was choked with tears. Still up there with his arms outstretched, Jesus seemed to feel the hands of the friend below clinging to the cross. What did those words mean? Could it be that he was of that number, that it was for him also to suffer and endure, and so in this way to help his fellows? Perhaps he was not forsaken. What right had he at that moment to think of himself at all?

But hark again: The voice begins once more. It is full of tears, the sentences are broken. But as he listens there float up to him the words:—

Surely he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and on him was laid the iniquity of us all.

Then there was a silence. No further word was said. Yet still he could feel the presence of that mother clinging to the foot of the cross. He did not speak; he could not do so. But he had listened and understood what it meant.

Yes, he was to be of that number. All this had to be. Only as he went through this agony, would men believe what he said. He had to suffer, if he were to prove to men that there was something else worse than pain and suffering. When he was gone they would believe and understand. The teaching had been

given; it could never be taken back or forgotten. It was now in other hands than his.

Whenever the world should turn to the new teacher and say: "Prove to us now that any man has ever tried this and found it true. Show to us that any man believed it and had such faith in it that he was ready to die for its cause,"—then people could always look back and say: "Remember Jesus."

No, he was not forsaken. The men below did not understand. The crowd which had treated him so unkindly would not have done it if they had known better and been told in their childhood of this other teaching. It was all well as it was. He was glad and ready, as he thinks, "My work is over; all is well."

In the stillness below, the watchers at the foot of the cross heard the words from above: *It is finished*. They looked up, the eyes were closed. Jesus was at rest. They had caught his last words. *It is finished*.

THE CONCLUSION.

Where now were the friends and disciples who were to carry on the teachings? Their leader was gone; they were left all to themselves. They had been scattered all over the country, having fled in terror lest they should suffer a like doom on the cross.

But now at last when the end had come, they hastened back once more to the city. Sorrow had overcome them; they were broken in spirit and bowed down in shame to think they had not had the courage to go and suffer with their master. They had sup-

posed themselves so firm and brave; they fancied they had loved him so truly; they had never doubted their own loyalty. Yet not one of them had come to his help.

It was now too late to repent. Their sorrow would do no good; they could not take back what they had done. But there was left to them now the task of carrying on the work which he had laid down.

They came together quietly in a room by themselves where they could talk and decide what to do. There was no use accusing one another; it was now time for them to act.

This time they were not afraid. They had failed in loyalty once; but it would not happen again. They could hear the voices of the people on the streets below; they knew perfectly well that the crowd outside, if it could find them, would seize them too and put them to death. But it did not matter; though late in their willingness, now at last they were ready.

They talked long together; they recalled to one another the events of the last three years. They remembered what he had said to them: *Whoever would come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me.* They had not understood him then; but it was all clear to them now.

They told one another how he had called them, saying to each: *Come now and I will make you fishers of men.*

They were reminded how they had leaned on him for support; they remembered his final charge: *He that would be greatest among you, let him be as one that would serve.*

They recalled their long journeys with him from city to city; how they had been with him at the bedside of the sick and dying. They could hear him say-

ing once more those Beatitudes, when he told all that crowd of people, *Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.*

They were reminded of the hour when the softness for a moment had faded out of his face and he had spoken as a judge. They recalled those words, *Unless ye did it unto one of your fellow-men ye did it not unto me.* Then, too, how beautiful had been his words where he said: *Come, ye blessed; for I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me. For, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of your fellow-men it was just as though ye did it unto me.*

Yes, every moment of those three years now came back. They remembered him as a Brother of Mercy, and as the teacher of those wonderful parables; as the great leader who had given the Sermon on the Mount; as the Judge who had warned them of evil, and pleaded with them on behalf of all that was good. Most of all, they thought once more of the great lesson about the true Kingdom of Heaven.

Finally they became silent; they could say no more, they felt too deeply to speak aloud. The memories had been too overpowering. It was all real now; they understood it so plainly; they remembered every word, every look, every expression.

All of a sudden in the stillness it seemed to them as if once more in very fact they felt the presence of Jesus. It was to them as though they saw him before their eyes, just as they had known him in life-time. Was it a dream, was it real, was that figure actually their loved master and teacher?

While they were all thinking and looking intently, wondering whether it was a picture of the mind or an

actual Jesus before them, it seemed indeed as though they heard his voice just as it had spoken to them when they had taken the Last Supper together. How gentle and sweet and helpful it sounded:—

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

The voice stopped for a moment. They were looking and listening, wondering whether it was a dream or an actual presence before their eyes. It was so dear for them to hear again those beautiful words. Once more the voice resumes its speech:—

A new teaching I give unto you; that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye love one another; by this shall a man know whether ye believe what you teach, if ye love one another.

Again there was silence; surely they had heard those words before. Yes, they remembered now, it was at the Last Supper when they were alone with him together.

The voice once more begins: *Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. Go ye, therefore, into the world, making disciples for this teaching among all nations. Take no care for yourself, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; for the soul is more than meat and the body than raiment. If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you; if the world hateth you, ye know that it hath hated me before it hated you. Be faithful to the end. Go ye into all the world and preach the new tidings to the whole creation. Remember, the kingdom of heaven is within you.*

They looked again, the figure was gone. They had heard the words; they turned to one another, asking themselves, was it a dream, had those words truly come from Jesus?

Yes, indeed those words had come from that great teacher, for they were the sayings which had fallen

from his lips all through the past three years. It was just what he had always been striving to bring home to them; all those sayings were in their memory.

Then they all stood up together. With one voice, hand clasped in hand they pledged themselves: "It shall be done. If men persecute us we shall not care; if they drive us from one city we will flee to another; if they put us to torture, that shall make no difference. The new teaching shall triumph. If one of us is taken, others are left. We will never falter or flinch; we will never look back or pause. What strength is left to us, what time now remains for us, shall be given in loving work for our fellow-men and in teaching the new lessons of the Better Gospel. The whole creation shall learn of this new Kingdom of Heaven. All the world shall be our Jerusalem."

And so they went out together, each to do the work in his own way. But of that number not one ever fell back or wavered. They did their work well and bravely. They carried the new tidings from city to city, from country to country, until vast numbers had learned about the new teaching of their friend Jesus. But it was always the same thought: *The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.*



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